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SMART SET

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True Stories from Real Life



Goin' Away?

By HARRY LEE

Old Noey said they wuz a bird—
Always hear it in the Fall,
Flyin' overhead of you,
With a sort o' lonesome call
Like it's homesick! Jes' one thing,
Noey 'lowed, 'twould always say,
Sort o' wonderin'-like an' sad:
"Goin' away—goin' away?"

Mind now how we used to set
In the door of Noey's shop,
Little wind-mills whizzin' round,
Little weather-vane on top
Veerin' in the wind, an' him
Yarnin', till across the gray
Mother called, an' he would pipe:
"Goin' away—goin' away?"

Thinkin' back to Noey's day—
Seems like I could never hear
The bird he always talked about,
Used to think him sort o' queer—
Never heard it then, but now,
Seems I hear it night an' day—
Long to foller when it calls:
"Goin' away—goin' away?"

The Advantages of Living To-Day

BY DR. FRANK CRANE

FEW of us realize the advantages under which we are now living. It is very easy to take improvements as a matter of course, and the dissatisfied nature and fault-finding disposition of the human race speedily forgets its comforts. It is well for someone to point out to us now and then the things for which we should be thankful.

We are living in comfortable well heated houses, whereas in former times everybody was cold. They put on heavy clothes or turned around like a chicken on a spit in front of the fireplace. To maintain an agreeable temperature by means of central heating was unknown. It is still unknown in many parts of Europe.

You can have fresh vegetables all the year round, whereas formerly they were only to be had for a short time during the summer.

Fresh meats are also obtainable through the canning process. In other days people had to eat salt pork and "salt horse" all winter. That was the only meat they could get.

At night you go along well lighted street. Street lighting is comparatively modern. In former times you either stayed at home at night, or went out accompanied by torch-bearers.

We are also relatively safe on the streets, owing to the presence of an army of policemen. It is not so very long ago that there were no official police, and those who desired to protect themselves were required to maintain a body-guard.

Nowadays, when anybody insults you, you have the right to sue him in court—and you usually take advantage of it. In former times he had to kill you or you had to kill him. Duelling has gone out of style.





IN former times, if you were a woman you had nothing to do but stay at home and wait for some man to come along and marry you, so as to give you the protection of his name. Nowadays, women enter into all kinds of business, vote and are elected to all kinds of offices.

Years ago if you lived in New York and wished to communicate with somebody that lived in Chicago, it was only possible to send word by mail. Nowadays, you can telegraph or telephone and every night you can listen in to what Chicago is saying by radio.

In former times, transportation was very slow—by ox cart or horses. Now, you can travel in the greatest luxury at fifty miles an hour in an express train, which, on an average, is safer than horses.

In former times, if you wished to take the air, you either footed it, or used a horse. Nowadays, you can go out in an automobile, which you can purchase for less than a good team of horses would cost.

In former times, clothes were coarse and uncomfortable. They were made in the house, and their texture was not all that could be desired. Nowadays, clothing is made by great companies, brought to you by the haberdashers, and nobody thinks of making their clothes at home.

It is a great thing to live nowadays, and it will be a still greater to live in the future.

MY only regret is that I cannot come back in a hundred years from now, and see how folks are getting along.

Almost any day when you pick up your morning paper you are likely to see an account of some new discovery of science, something for the amelioration of the conditions of life. And this goes on. Science does not stand still, but is thrusting its nose every day further and further into the unknown.

And it is now definitely harnessed to the good of the race. The host of scientists do not merely speculate, but are kept at their tasks by a desire to make human life better and more tolerable.

When you sit in your drawing room at night, with a player piano, and a radio, and a telephone, and possibly receive telegraphic messages during the course of the evening, are warmed by a central heating plant, illuminated by electricity, and enjoy other unmistakable blessings that were unheard of two hundred years ago, you ought to realize how much better the world is now than it was then. Everything is growing better as time passes—even the moral standard of our country.

Not a Chance for A

*The World Has a Way of
Listening to One Side of a
Story, and Then Going On
About Its Business—But
Here Is a Plea From a
Girl Who Says,
“They Don’t Know
the Other
Half of It.”*

New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Tremaine:

*W*HILE tidying up the boudoir of one of the young ladies of the house where I was a chambermaid, I found a copy of *SMART SET*. It was a back number—one of a pile which was to be thrown away. I took it and read it. The stories first, which I thought were wonderful—and then what I think is much more wonderful, the piece which said, “We’re Here to Fight. We want to leave happiness in the homes of the readers, and we want to reach out to those less fortunate than we and make them happy.” Then I wrote and asked if you really wanted stories and I got a personal letter from you!

Oh, if you could only do something for us servants. Your magazine is read by the madams and you could tell them our side of the question. You could tell them things that maybe they never thought of before, and open their eyes to why there is so much trouble in the kitchen.

In the three years that I have been in domestic service, I have worked in all kinds of homes—rich and poor, city and country.

And I often wonder why well educated women complain about the help and make speeches about it; and then come home and forget what they say in public.

Why do they send checks to homes for fallen girls, and then turn around and give a push to the girls in their homes?

What good do the lectures and books do when in their own kitchens are conditions that the Board of Health wouldn’t allow in the cheapest restaurant. My story would probably horrify the madams, but it is every word true.



I am a graduate of high school. I haven’t had any experience in writing, but I’m going to give you the plain facts of my own life—in the hope that maybe you can help us a little. Won’t you please read this yourself?

Yours respectfully,

NELLY ASHLEY.

* * * *

I did read it myself—and I’m passing Nelly’s story on to you. She has tried hard and *SMART SET* likes to help anyone win an uphill fight.

We are getting bigger every month and our stories have a tremendous influence—but we need *your* help, every one of you, because the more readers we have the better we are equipped to win our battles. Are you with us? I think Nelly’s letter is a good introduction, don’t you?

—The Editor.

Word of Defense

"You know very well," she said, "under the rules of this house, there are no visitors allowed."



I AM twenty years old. Looking back over my short life, I see loneliness, hunger, harshness, insult, thankless drudgery—the snubs and abuse of mistresses, the suggestions of men, the ruins of my only love affair, the derision of the world itself.

So much has been written about the servant problem—from the mistress's side. The newspapers write columns about it, and the funny pages make sport of it! But none of those brilliant people have gone below the surface. They don't know the other half of it!

Two years ago, when I was very much up against it, I took a position as general houseworker in a house of ill repute.

The "Madame" of the establishment wanted me to become one of the inmates. She told me that more girls from domestic service were under her auspices than from any other class. I was horrified and told her so. But she merely laughed and shrugged her shoulders as she handed me my meager wages.

"Eventually—so why not now?" she said. "Just think, friends, life, brightness, no worry about rent, plenty of food, no loneliness."

I have gone through a lot since then—and I am beginning to wonder.

My mother, who had been a chorus girl, died when I was five years old. My Aunt Millie adopted me. She, herself, was a domestic servant and out of her small earnings managed to pay three dollars a week for

my board in the family of a friend. There were five children in the family, and I became a sort of "little Orphan Annie." I was at the beck and call of all of them.

My ambition was to be a private secretary, and I had visions of playing a great part in the world's affairs. In these ambitions I was encouraged by my aunt.

I graduated from High School when I was sixteen.

That summer my aunt got me a position as chambermaid in the palatial country home of a New York millionaire. It was hard work. My mistress was one of those women who are always having trouble with her servants, and in addition to my own duties, I often had to act as personal maid, parlor maid and kitchen girl. But I didn't mind hard work, I was buoyed up by the prospect of entering business school in the fall.

TOWARD the end of my vacation the oldest son arrived. He was a student at Yale. He was nothing to write home about; a jolly, good-natured boy, full of the devil. He liked to tease me because I blushed so easy and I tried to keep out of his way as much as possible.

One morning as I was making his bed, he returned unexpectedly to get something. Suddenly he seized me in his arms and said jokingly, "Come on now, let me see you blush, Goldilocks!"

Just at that moment his mother appeared in the doorway.

"What does this mean?" she demanded angrily. "You disgraceful creature! Pack your trunk and leave this house immediately."

Bewildered, dazed, overcome with embarrassment, I stood motionless.

"Have you no shame?" She hissed the words, venomously like an angry snake, or a vicious cat. Then she grabbed my arm and flung me on the bed.

The young man protested half-heartedly. "It wasn't her fault, Mother—really—I—"

And it wasn't. It was just as I have told you. But I have never been ready with a quick answer. I am stupid like that. And her sudden attack made me dumb. My tongue was paralyzed with fear! From the bed, where she had thrown me, I mutely gazed at her.

"What do you mean, lying there when I tell you to get out?" she screamed. The charming, perfectly poised society leader was a raving cat. Her friends wouldn't have known her. "You ungrateful little baggage! Wait until I tell your aunt about this. I will see that she commits you to an institution."

IMPOSSIBLE to break into her torrent of abuse. Not a chance for a word of defense. I was glad to escape to the little cubbyhole which I shared with the kitchen girl, and to pack my uniforms and school-books. Ever since I could remember, my chorus-girl mother had been dragged out of the past as a terrible warning of a possible inheritance; and an "institution" had been constantly kept before my eyes.

While I was packing, tears blinding my eyes, I heard a *shush* of paper being shoved under the door. It was a note from Mr. Harry, folded around a fifty dollar bill.

"Sorry, Goldilocks, I can't make Mother listen to reason," it read. "In case you have nowhere to go you can probably find a room at — West 50th Street. Ask for Miss Brandon, she's a friend of mine. Be sure and let me know your address anyhow."

I didn't hesitate to take that fifty dollars—my wages were being paid to my aunt, and I didn't have a cent of my own.

Had I had time to think the matter over, I might have acted differently. As it was, terrified at the prospect of being sent to a "home," I took a train for New York.

At the Fiftieth Street address, I got a room and met Miss Brandon. She was rehearsing for a musical comedy show and got me a job in the chorus. I was not beautiful, but I was very young and had slender ankles. It was a "Number three Company" which consisted largely of girls who were either too inexperienced or too old for Broadway productions.

When my aunt heard of my disappearance, she put the case into the hands of a private detective agency, which charged her thirty dollars a day for the services of three

men. They took their time about finding me, too. It was wicked thievery. However, Aunt Millie would have spent her last dollar rather than appeal to the Bureau of Missing Persons.

In spite of the fact that we were rehearsing night and day, we found time for many gay parties during the three weeks which elapsed before the detectives finally "discovered" me. It was mixed company; sons of millionaires out for a lark, bookies, clerks, salesmen. Alice Brandon wasn't particular so long as her escorts had the price of a party. She was a good-natured gold digger, not really bad but real ambitious. I thought the entertainments were gorgeous.

It was about four o'clock one morning when we got back from an all-night rehearsal that we found Aunt and a detective waiting for me at our room. Just why



"Come on now," he said, "let me see you blush, Goldilocks!"

she had turned away in horror from having me found by the police headquarters bureau and then had me arrested after paying out a small fortune to private detectives, I can't figure out. But she did.

The result was that I was committed for one year to a "Home for Incurable Girls." If I had tried to convince my aunt or the Judge, that I hadn't "gone wrong," that I had been simply frightened to death of being sent away, and had fled blindly to escape the very fate that was being forced upon me, maybe she would have listened.

But I couldn't. The words seemed frozen in my throat.

Even at that I was sorry for Aunt Millie as she bade me good-by in the gloomy corridor of the Jefferson Market Court, crying bitterly. Our parting was brief.

"How could you have done such a thing, Nelly?" she said. "How could you take advantage of the first chance to run away and go wrong, just like your poor mother? To join a burlesque show, when you always pretended you wanted to be a stenographer? How could you be so—so sly?"

What was the use of trying to convince her that I hadn't gone wrong and that I hadn't been rehearsing with a burlesque show? "None," I told myself bitterly. She had listened to the madam's story and believed it without asking for mine. My heart was breaking, but I kept my lips tight, and forced back the tears that smarted in my eyes.

In the Home I was "prepared" for domestic service. Only there, said my guardians would I be safe from the perils of temptation. Yet it was in domestic service

that I was supposed to have fallen into evil ways in the first place. The arguments of our wise elders are unanswerable sometimes. Why blame young girls for obstinate silence, when a frank answer would be called insolence?

When I was seventeen, I was released "on probation" for one year. A situation was found for me on a farm. I was engaged to do the "chores" outside and help around the house.

We were up at four-thirty; in bed at nine. All day and every minute of the day, there was something to be done. Washing, cooking, feeding the chickens and the pigs, gathering eggs, churning butter, waiting on the hired men at table.

WHEN night came I was so tired, so agonizingly sore in every muscle and joint, that I longed for death so as to be able to rest!

There were six farm hands. Real big men of the great open spaces, they were, just as you see them in the movies.



Just then his mother appeared in the doorway. "What does this mean?" she demanded.

boorish and cruel. Pinching me as I passed the food at table was one of their greatest indoor sports!

When I complained to my mistress, she scolded me.

"Oh, Nelly, don't be so crotchety. They're only funnin'!" was all the sympathy I got.

Among the men was a sheik who thought he was just about the whole works. When he invited me to go to a barn dance at a farm eight miles away, I wanted to refuse. I took the matter up with my mistress.

She looked at me in amazement. "Why, there ain't a decenter fellow in the world than Hank," she said, "and you should be proud to think he's asked you."

For the sake of peace, I consented to go to the dance. But I had a feeling of coming evil. I didn't want to drive eight miles along a lonely road with Hank.

BEFORE we had gone four miles it was as black as pitch! In a cove, on the side of a wooded road, Hank stopped the car. I had guessed right. He tried to kiss me and we had a struggle in the dark. A hideous,

*He Was Drunk Enough
to Grab Me—and I
Heard Jim Coming Up
the Stairs!*



barbaric combat. I picked up a stone and crashed it on his forehead, putting behind the blow all the muscle which had developed during my three months of heavy choring around the farmhouse. Hank dropped like a log.

It all comes back again now, like a nightmare—that frenzied journey back to the farm. Blackness as thick as a tomb. Forking paths. Wrong turns.

With daylight I saw I was in a wood. In which direction to turn, I had no idea. A desolate spot. In the distance, I heard the purling of a river. There was rest! Life had always been such a sorry affair for me. Why go on living?

I had just made up my mind to take this desperate step, when I heard the sounds of a cart and horses galloping towards me. Someone was whistling cheerily. Strange that there could be happiness for some people and so much misery for others. I would have to wait until the cart passed.

But the cart didn't pass. I tried to hide behind a tree, but its driver spied the skirt of my pink frock which fluttered in the early morning breeze.

"What the dickens are you doin' here?" he demanded.

I told him I was lost. Just how it happened, I don't know. I was so confused that I was beside him on the high swaying seat before I knew it. There I blurted out the whole story.

"Yeh," he grunted, "Hank's a bad egg. Say, you were goin' in the opposite direction from the Hale farm. You're six miles from home. I'll drive you over."

After a few minutes I shyly glanced at him. He looked terribly strong and handsome to me. Black hair and eyes, and a firm mouth that every now and then laughed and showed his flashing white teeth. He tried to cheer me up. Little girls shouldn't go to barn dances with Hanks! I must be a spunky kid, he said. Hoped we would see more of each other. He lived with his mother on the farm four miles at the other side of the Hales'. And so on and so on. I could write pages about that trip. Life didn't look so dreary now. For some reason, my heart began to thaw and to sing. Silly, I told myself. You'll never see him again. He has probably dozens of girls in love with him.

WE REACHED my "home" about seven. Jim, that was my rescuer's name, drove on, leaving me at the gate. My mistress was alone in the kitchen. Bedraggled, dirty, almost dead, I must have presented a sorry figure. She greeted me with an ominous silence.

"Hank got fresh—" I

started wearily to give an account of the night.

"Don't you go tellin' lies on Hank," she suddenly broke the silence in a shrill, cracked voice. "He's been tellin' me of your carryin' on with that wild Tom Maler at the dance. How he tried to protect you and got in a fight with him. It's just what I might have expected from you. Get upstairs and change your clothes. Nice sight you are for a decent home." [Turn to page 100]

*Life Was
Just a
Clean
Shining
Sword
That
He
Wanted
to Try.
The
Fires
That
Burned
in Him
Were Still*



Something in
His Eyes Made
Me Look Up.
There Was a
Little Sign in
the Window.

Her eyes were black, just like
the velvet smudge of charcoal,
and soft, and pleading, and
grateful.

White Flames

—And So He Battled Fate, Until—

THE Germans opened fire on Paris with their big gun that Sunday morning.

But aside from the interruption of a booming shell every fifteen minutes, it was the loveliest spring day that any city ever woke up to find glistening on its war-weary doorstep.

The first shell ruined the slumbers of everybody in town. The next three or four caused a lot of gossip. After that, most everyone decided he couldn't be annoyed any further and accordingly lifted the great rattling iron shutters

—like the roll-tops on roll-top desks—that protected the glass in his front windows and set out the little iron-tables and chairs on the front sidewalk to indicate that a little drink wouldn't do anybody any harm, and might possibly make the birds sing a trifle better, if anything.

Violet vendors blossomed on nearly every corner, especially along the Avenue de l'Opera, the Boulevard des Capucines, the Rue de Rivoli, and other principal promenade thoroughfares; taxicabs rattled cheerfully hither and yon and demure little Parisiennes with down-

cast eyes hurried to the cathedrals for their matinals.

All in all it was a grand day and I enjoyed it just as much as anybody. I got some satisfaction out of the bursting shells even. It made me feel a lot more important to be an object of even remote interest to the Boche artillerymen. A man who has been a soldier makes a restless Red Cross official at best, and I had fretted a good deal over my Paris assignment. It was too damn safe and comfortable. But it was the best I could get with the weak back which I had acquired during the nearly forgotten disturbances with Aguinaldo which we had in the Philippines. My superiors pointed out that I was lucky to be shipped across at all. But no one could prevent my growling and cussing at fate.

I went out walking in the Tuilleries that Sunday. Spring seemed more joyfully pregnant there than on the cobblestones. The earth was black and warm and crumbly—I put my hand on it to make sure—an elegant place for angle-worms. But there were too many lovers in the Gardens, too many for a man who expected to devote the rest of his life to being a spectator. So I went on through, across the Place de la Revolution (du Concorde they call it now) to the Champs Elysées. Eventually I traversed the Pont Neuf to the Hotel des Invalides. Almost every week I dropped in there to view the melancholy débris from the front, the captured field guns, trench mortars, and see what had been added to our museum of trophies.

This Sunday the new things included the wrecked fuselages of two bombing planes that had been shot down near Paris itself.

Of one there was merely a few twisted scraps and charred bits of propeller. The other was only partly burned.

and might be called to the colors in a last extremity.

I saluted, too, painfully conscious that I was in his class—a has-been soldier.

You old son-of-a-gun!" boomed a Yank greeting in my ear. "You damned old he-wild-cat, you, stick out your right hand. If there's only three fingers on it I'll know you ain't a ghost, but Johnny Keegan himself, in the flesh."

My hand had exactly the number of fingers mentioned, owing to a miscue with a machete in the hands of one of Aguinaldo's men. So I surrendered it, as ordered, into the grasp of the *hombre* who had rendered first aid at the very time it had happened—after fixing the Philippino's clock of course.

I CAN'T explain why it was so hard to keep from crying at seeing Tom Haywood again. Part of it was perhaps envy of the lieutenant-colonel's silver leaf he wore on his shoulder—we had both been bucks when we were in uniform together before—but that wasn't all. Tom is the kind of a man that men want to die with—and women, too. No I don't mean exactly that. What I'm trying to say is that if he said, "Who'll come with me to help turn that machine-gun around and see if it will spit in the other direction," he'd have every voter within listening distance trying to become part of a carpet of corpses on his path to that gun.

Not that he was the type of man that Harold Bell Wright could have written a book about.



"I shouldn't have come here," Tom said abruptly.
"This place brings back memories—and it hurts."

A French papa, past the age for service, was explaining to mama and several stair-step offsprings how it had all happened. His description could have been no more vivid had he piloted one of the pursuit planes. At the conclusion of his tale which I listened to, fascinated, he said with true forbearance, "They were brave men, too, the Boche aviators"—he indicated the wreckage—"and they are dead. I salute them."

And he did—very snappily, too. Of course he had been a soldier once, was perhaps on the retired list yet,

I suspect that the "Life of Tom Haywood," unexpurgated, would probably be barred from every Sunday School library in the country. He had nearly every failing that men are heir to and also, I believe, practically every lovable quality. When I knew him best he lived a lot every day that came along and slept on his deeds without regret. I suspect all his life has been much like that.

"Where away, now?" he was saying, while I took stock of the gray that had come in his hair since I had last seen him. "It's about time to eat and there are probably several good cooks left in Paris."

I suggested des Ambassadeurs. It was near.

"No," he said, "too formal! too grand altogether for my first day in Paris. Now that you're with me I know a place on the *rive gauche*."

"You're familiar with Paris?" I asked in surprise.

"With the Paris of twenty-odd years ago. I imagine it hasn't changed as much as New York has in that time."

HE WAS quite right. The café he knew of was still there. The show places, the Moulin Rouge, the Rat Morte in the Montmartre district were closed, but the Café des Penitentes



"Very well. Sit down, Johnny," he invited them. The food was exceptionally good and there was a vintage, too expensive for the regular clientele, which Tom knew about.

By the time we had finished, nearly everyone else had gone. A game or two of cards and one of dominoes were in progress in the corners of the room and one young poilu was holding hands unashamed across the table with his sweetheart. But everything was quiet, with a lazy quiet you never found in our own cafés. Even the explosions of the long range shells were muffled—the objective was apparently the wealthier part of town.

"I shouldn't have come here," Tom said abruptly. "I didn't know I could remember so vividly. This damned place brings back memories of something I wasn't even sure had really happened, and it hurts."

I knew him pretty well, or did once, so I looked at him squarely. "Do you want to tell it?"

"I don't know, old head. I guess I'd like to try. Well, here goes:

Before I met you back in that Philippine swamp where you lost your pointer, I once thought I was going to be an artist. I was so obviously wrong that I never mentioned it to anyone afterwards. But it was that which brought me to Paris at the time of the Spanish-American War. I rather wanted to enlist for at row but my mother bought me off with the idea of studying over here. I was just a kid then and I let

One young poilu was holding hands unashamed across the table with his sweetheart.



Rouges was still hospitable. There were a lot of people in it but we were the only Americans. The habitués looked at us curiously—our uniform was not a familiar sight in that part of town then.

"Not that table, Pierre," he said in French, good French but halting, as if it were rusty from long disuse.

Pierre, who was quite old, looked sharply at the *officier Americain* who called him by his right name, but apparently found no explanation of the phenomenon in his face for he shrugged his shoulders and pointed out that there were no other tables vacant.

myself be persuaded by the one woman who has ever really shaped my destiny.

My mother had a way with her—a sort of iron purpose combined with diplomacy that made men her creatures. If one method failed her she used another, and pretty soon you found yourself traveling her path when you were sure you were headed in the opposite direction.

"All I wanted was adventure in those days, anyway, and one trip looked as good as another. I could draw a little, too, and a sort of ambition helped to lure me to Europe.

"So I came. I was twenty. It was the first adventure I had ever embarked on. As I recollect myself then I had not done anything very discreditable yet. The fires that burned in me were still white flames and life was just a clean, shining sword that I wanted to try out. Anyone could read my face—this poker mask is something I developed later—and I suppose I was a nice boy as boys go.

"My progress in art was a slow freight, but I learned other things at express speed. My fond parent had furnished me with too much money for my own good. I acquired rapidly a great many of the vices in which Paris rather leads the world.

"Six months sufficed to make a change in me so great that my darling mother would scarcely have known her

and living decently, I imagine. Really a healthy kid.

"The day we became acquainted she had been posing a full period, forty-five minutes, on one leg with the other out in back, her body leaning forward and one arm forward, the other back. The statue of Hermes, running, is in the same position. I don't know many models who would attempt the pose at all without wire supports.

"Just at the finish of the period, when she would ordinarily have been permitted to step down from the stand, the Master, the head of our entire school group, arrived. A visit from him was exactly the same as an inspection by a commanding general. The room froze to respectful attention. No one spoke or moved while the Master passed from one easel to another, making a criticism here, a destruction there and in some instances



I touched her and she slumped—the shock, I suppose, on the tense nerves . . . Pretty soon the heavy eyelids fluttered.

beloved son. Six months more of it and I would have been down and out, probably the principal performer at a damn fool's funeral.

"But it was just at that time that Lucille found me. She claimed she found me, that is. In reality it was purely a matter of chance.

SHE was a model in the school that I attended for one session nearly every morning, as a sort of an excuse for being very tired by afternoon and needing a shot or two of absinthe to tide me over until evening.


"Lucille was about seventeen, I think, with a slender ingenue sort of a figure, not so common then as it is now, and a serious sweet face like a baby who is playing grown-up and imitating her mother. You will perhaps understand better what I'm driving at if I say that she was the only one of our models before whom we were at all careful about what we said.

"She was one of the best of our figure models, too, could hold practically impossible action poses for longer periods of time than anyone else—that came from youth

entirely resketching the student's outline in order to show him where he had not caught the real significance of the model's pose.

"He was in the room nearly a solid hour. We were all suffering from the tension, but some of us had time to sympathize with poor Lucille who was slowly growing whiter and whiter, but who was standing the gaff gamely with scarcely the quiver of a muscle. I imagine that I felt for the girl more than the others. I had no concern whatever for the Master's opinion of my own work—I knew it was rotten myself and he couldn't say anything about it that I would not heartily have agreed with.

"And I was in a don't-care state of nerves, anyway. I wanted a drink, I wanted to light my pipe, but didn't have a match, and I wanted to yell at the top of my lungs. Partly to take my mind off my own sufferings I made myself think of how much worse Lucille must be feeling. I could see her heart struggling painfully, underneath her girlish breast, striving to drive the blood to the strained extremities, but growing weaker and weaker. As the blood supply [Turn to page 112]




*MARION McDONALD
is one of ten girls
who won movie
contracts in the Los
Angeles Examiner
nation-wide beauty
contest.*

*New
Faces
for
Holly-
wood*



BETTY BYRD
another prize
winner.

A black and white portrait of a woman, Adrienne Truex, with dark, wavy hair and dark lipstick. She is looking over her shoulder towards the camera. The background is dark and out of focus.

*ADRIENNE TRUEX
received an un-
usually high
rating.*



*EDITH CLIFTON
also held a
leading posi-
tion among
hundreds of
"Extra Girls."*

As the Storm Rose in its Fury This Was
The Story He Told



"The luck o' the O'Hara, Danny! My first command, and a wreck. Speak a word for me, Danny, in that Scotch heaven o' yours."

*Truth—Stranger Than All the
Fiction Ever Written—Unafraid*

SABBATH reef is in the Bay of Fundy, where the tide rises and falls from twenty to thirty-five feet twice a day. The reef is composed of two hills of rock with a saddle of sand between them. At low tide the rocks are above the surface, while the sand is ten feet under.

Across the Bay, you can see the blue haze above the cliffs of Nova Scotia. To the shoreward of Sabbath is broken water, backed by gray and red cliffs.

On the eighth of November the scream of a ship's siren was heard for some time, and later the tolling of a bell. We at the Life Station were notified by a hunter who walked the eight miles from Sabbath. The telephone wires were all down. The sea was too high to launch the boat from the davits on the cliff, so we dragged it two miles to the cove. Ten miles in broken water on the tail of a north-easter, and night falling—we had to turn back after three miles.

In the morning the sea was easier, but there was fog. We sought up and down among the shoals and rocks, and finally heard a man moaning in the fog on Sabbath.

We found four men, one of them dead, lashed to a funnel, and a big sailor lashed to the derrick mast. She had struck at mid-tide on the rocks and settled, finally grounding on the saddle of sand. When the tide rose, it covered her all over except for the masts and funnel.

From her men we found that she was the *Western Isle*, out of Glasgow, bound for St. John in ballast for a cargo of pulp. A blow at Cape Race, two days of fog, and then the north-easter had been too much for her. The Captain was lost overside at Cape Race; a broken guy-stay of the funnel lashed the first mate across the face and broke his neck. The second mate was a heavy drinker and had no observation to go by.

THE tide had gone down, leaving the forepeak and aftercabins well out of the water. In the second mate's cabin, we found the second mate and a dour-faced man with a faded mass in his hands still clutched in a death grip. This last was the chief engineer, and the mass in his hands was a bag-pipe. He had played to the last.

"I heard all they said together, and a rare story—a

rare story!" said the big sailor we had taken off the derrick mast. "I saw she was firm grounded and I knew the Fundy tide. So I sat in the after lee and waited for the others to tire of their fighting for the derrick mast head, that I might be fresh to win up when the time came!"

He grinned proudly at his own cunning. We smoked on in silence. After all, it is understandable that a man should try to save his life.

Because he was warmed with our clothes and our coffee, and comforted by our tobacco, he made free to use our silence for his tale. Outside, the Bay grumbled and growled and crashed against the cliffs. But the door was closed, and the fire was warm.

This is the story he told:

I SAW that if I went with the other crazy fools who were fighting for the masts and the funnel, I might grow tired and be one of those to be put down. So I waited by the door of the second mate's cabin, watching the derrick mast, and holding a rope lashing.

The second mate was Irish, and well educated, but only second to the chief engineer in point of strangeness. The chief was Highland Scottish, and a fanatic on religion. But between the two was a strange friendship.

"'Tis the luck of the O'Hara," I heard the mate drawl. "to drown without a drink—or a smoke!" He was trying to light a soggy cigarette.

"Shut oop!" said the chief, sourly. "'Tis the devil o' the O'Hara got in ma peeps!"

"Damn all pipes that do not draw good tobacco!" said the mate, but he laughed as he said it. I thought they did not understand that they were facing death. Then I thought that they, like me, were waiting for the others to tire, so that they could win up the masts. But it

wasn't that, for the ship's steward found them and asked if they thought there was any chance of making shore.

"Divil a chance, Higgins!" said the mate. "But if you keep the bell going they may take you off yet!"

"Ye mot climb the masts, Higgins!" said the chief, working away over his bag-pipes.

"What about you, sir?" asked the steward.

"We can't all live," said the mate, cheerfully. "Not much chance for any of us. So Danny MacGuire will play us a tune, and we'll talk over old days. Would you care to join us, Higgins?"

"If—if there's a chance—" said the steward. "I've got my missus to think of, sir!"

"You might lash yourself to the crow's nest or the derrick mast head," said the mate.

"An' ye can make 'em!" said the chief, grimly. "There's a Stilson wrench just inside the engine-room door, Higgins—for your missus!"

HIGGINS looked at them, and the mate fussed with his cigarette, and the chief with his bag-pipes.

"Yes sir," says Higgins. "Can I get your bottle, sir, or anything else, sir?" he asked from habit.

"The bottle, Higgins!" said the mate, and the steward went down through the waist and dived into the galley and came back dripping with a bottle in each hand. Then he got the wrench and started for the funnel, but he wasn't among them you found.

Favoritism does little good on the sea.

"Well, Danny," said the mate, "we'll have a drink before we drown!"

"A squeeze—so!" said the chief, paying no heed. "An' oot he comes! Ah!"

A squirt of water hit the cigarette that the mate had at last got going and destroyed it. 'Tis strange how you note the little things at such a time. The water hit the cigarette in the middle, and it sagged and fell in two halves.

"You've ruined my smoke, Danny!" said the mate.

"'Tis a wee matter, Kelly O'Hara!" said the chief. "An' ma peeps wull play!"

He played about five minutes, and the water came up and up; and I watched that and the derrick mast and sometimes peeped in to see the two officers.

"Danny," says the mate, by-and-by. "I'm forty, and you're only forty-three."

THE chief put down his bag-pipes and shook his head.

"'Tis a peety!" he said, dolorously. "Verra a peety!"

"What's a pity?" snapped the mate.

"I ha' forgot the lilt o' the song, mon!" said the chief.

"Oh, Danny!" said the mate, laughing, while the seas pounded higher and higher. "What an Irishman was lost when you were born at Iverness!"

"Ay, mon," said the chief, sourly, "'tis said I escaped damnation by a wee."

A comber picked up the ship and settled her down hard in the sand. The wind shifted for a moment, and the screams and curses of the

men that fought for the masts and funnel came to me. They heard in the cabin, too.

"They squeal o'er much," said the chief, fussing with his bag-pipes again.

"Every man for himself," said the mate. "Since Grady put off with the only boat left, there is nothing we can do but pray that he makes land and brings help."

"Get oop wi' them whar-r-r ye belong!" said the chief. "I'd play ma bag-peeps but for ye'r distraction!"

"I mis-doubt it would be but for a few minutes longer, Danny," said the mate. "And there's room for only a few."

"Ye'r one!"

"Not me! The ship will be pounded to pieces soon—the luck o' the O'Hara, Danny. My first command, and a wreck! Speak a word for me, Danny, in that Scotch heaven o' yours. A word for Kelly O'Hara, last chief of Cuneagh, stroke at Oxford, and it's weary of the world I am."

A great sea hit the ship, and I was minded to go, but the chief was playing, and there was no real hurry. So I peeked again, and listened.

"Danny," said the mate, "I've been trying to speak of

Please Come Closer

FOR several months I have been trying to carry out your policies exactly.

We're growing like wild, but I feel as though you and I could get still closer together.

Write me a letter tonight and tell me how you like this issue. There's a twenty-five dollar prize waiting for the best letter of criticism on the February issue and five prizes of five dollars each for the next best letters.

February criticisms must be in this office before noon February 15th. Prizes will be awarded March first. The Editors will be the judges.

F. O. T.



"Her eyes were brown, Danny," said the mate, his voice so low I could hardly hear it with the thunder of the sea, "and flecked all with gold!"

it for a long time. Do you remember Annie King?"

The music stopped suddenly.

"Ay!" said the chief, harshly, and resumed his music.

"I never thanked you, Danny," said the mate. "But I do now, even tho' I never had her."

"I played 'Loch Lomond' the night," said the chief, and fell to playing faster.

"True! You spent a month in pay and a week in practice learning it for our wedding, and never played it again."

The chief was walking up and down as he played, now he walked faster and played louder. The music screamed defiance into the teeth of the storm and swirled all through the little cabin.

"Did you ever regret it, Danny—giving her up?"

The music was louder yet, but the chief only shook his head.

"Her eyes were brown, Danny," said the mate, his

voice so low I could hardly hear it with the thunder of the sea in my ears, "and flecked all with gold!"

The music swelled passionately, and stopped.

"I canna play nae mare," said the chief, "except 'Loch Lomond'!"

"Danny, she was my wife."

"Ay," answered the chief, dully.

"And yet you loved her as much as I did, Danny."

"I never said!" shouted the chief.

"We have not long," said O'Hara. Then, "How can I blame you, Danny?"

"Ay, I loved your wife, mon!" said the chief. "But it were pure love, an' I never tol'!"

"I killed her," said the mate.

"Puir mon!" said the chief. "'Tis the slow water's rising——"

"I'm not crazy, Danny MacGuire!" said the mate, calmly, "I killed her!"

[Turn to page 84]

What Have I Done?



When Tom dared me to swim across the pool,
I did it—wedding gown and all.

TO MY dying day I shall remember how happy I was when Brad told me that he loved me. I think every girl in the world should have one moment like that one. I walked on air all afternoon, after Brad had told me good-by till the next morning. I went over to the Country Club, and stood there in the doorway of the living room, looking at the group of my friends near the fireplace, and wondering how I had ever stood it just to play around with them.

They waved at me, and Barbara Dodge shouted to me to come and join them. She had on checked woolen stockings, and Donald Bellows and Tom Atwood were playing checkers on them with lumps of sugar from the tea table. Ordinarily, I would have thought that was a lot of fun. But that day I couldn't take an interest in such silly matters. I wanted to shout to them that the Nina Royce they knew had died, and that a new person had taken her place. I felt so excited, and yet somehow so calm. Any girl, who has been kissed for the very first time by a man she adores, knows just how I felt.

I adored Brad. It sent shivers down my spine every time I remembered how he had taken me in his arms and said that he loved me. He was quite a bit older than I was—twenty-five—and I had just celebrated my seventeenth birthday. But I didn't care.

Barbara shouted at me again, and Donald called to me, "Come on, Nina! Babbles has swiped some of her father's pre-war gin, and we're going to have a party. We were just waiting for you."

I shook my head. I was through with all that sort of thing. Not that I cared about drinking, anyway; I saw too much of it at home. But our crowd thought it was awfully smart to be just a little bit faster than the debutantes and the young married set.

I felt as if Brad's love had purified me. I didn't want to be silly anymore, or do things that would make people talk. I wandered down the hall to the sun parlor, thinking I'd sit there and look out at the sunset over the waters of the Sound, till it was time to go home and dress for dinner.


Somehow I just wanted to be alone with my memories of Brad's arms around me. He had an engagement for the evening—Elizabeth Wayne, one of the older girls, was giving a dinner dance, and of course he was going. All the girls liked Brad, and asked him everywhere.

I SAT there in a big chair, feeling perfectly contented till Mother and Mrs. Leland sauntered in. Mother came over to ask if I had any cigarettes, and then went back to the swinging seat where Mrs. Leland was. I hated having her come in. I didn't want my wonderful mood to be spoiled by her. She's so bitter.

She didn't pay any more attention to me. She sat there, talking and waving her hands, just pausing to sip her cocktail and go on.

"It happened again last night," she said. "Three men brought him home. I stood at the window from nine till three in the morning, watching for him. Just stood there and stared across the golf links and down the road, and wondered and worried. I've had eighteen years of it now. Think of it! I could have been one of the greatest singers—had been promised an engagement at the Metropolitan—and gave it up to marry Jack. Oh, I'd never have stood it if it hadn't been for Nina. It's cruel to crucify a woman as Jack Royce has crucified me!"

It hurt me terribly to hear her talk that way about



Her Wedding Night Brought a Strange Question to Her Lips.

The
Beginning
of a
Smashing
Three
Part
Story
of a
Modern
Girl

Daddy. She was always doing it, pouring out her confidences to anyone who would listen. People would avoid her because they didn't want to listen to her. She just thrived on sympathy. She'd rave at Daddy and me, when we were home, and made life so wretched for both of us that we just couldn't stand being anywhere near her. When I wasn't at school I'd spend all my time at the Country Club.

I couldn't blame Daddy much for drinking, though I did try to keep him from it. But as I sat there listening to Mother, I realized that she had been an awful quitter about her marriage. She'd found that Daddy drank more than he should, and had fussed at him and found fault with him, and all that sort of thing—leaving him and then coming back, when she should have helped him.

And as for her standing it for my sake was concerned, if she had really wanted to have things right for me she could have let me live with Aunt Sue, in Philadelphia. Auntie wanted me, but Mother wouldn't hear of it. She said she must keep the home together!

I tried to understand Mother and feel sorry for her. But she made so much of her own unhappiness and exaggerated everything so, that it was hard work.

As I sat there, trying not to listen, I vowed that I'd never be a quitter, no matter what I was up against in life. Little did I know what was coming to me! I thought about Brad, and the things we'd do, and how we'd live in some place where we could have a quiet little home, not the kind all our friends had. I planned to go into town the next morning and arrange to take

cooking lessons. We'd live the right kind of life, the kind real people do. And he'd go into New York mornings to business, and come home to me nights—I'd meet him at the station in my little roadster, and we'd drive to our own little house together. Oh, those dreams were the sweetest I've ever known, the sweetest I'll ever have.

I'm barely twenty, and I'm tired and bitter. I feel that I know all about what love is and what it isn't. How cruel it can be to you, and how wonderfully sweet.

But I can still look back on that afternoon and remember my happiness, as if I were back there again.

BABBLES was giving a theater party that night in New York. I dressed for it as carefully as if I were going to see Brad. I had a feeling that I belonged to him already, you see—that every little thing I did was part of my life with him, because he had said that he loved me. I had Mother's maid brush and brush my hair till it shone, and I put on a darling new frock, the color of those tiny little sweetheart roses, palest pink. And before I went downstairs I took out a Kodak picture of Brad on horseback, that I'd kept in the back of my diary, and kissed it; then fastened it on the inside of my dress, right over my heart.

I drove into town with Babbles, Donald, and Tom. They kept teasing me because I was so quiet. Yet I felt as if a brass band was playing inside me. I was wearing a gorgeous Spanish shawl as an evening wrap, and I held it close around my chin, and sat there staring out of the window of the car, saying "Brad—darling!" to myself.

We joined the others at a hotel for dinner. Trix Eaton and her husband, Billy, were to be our chaperones. They'd been married two months, and Babbles had persuaded her mother that they could look after us perfectly well. They had just come back from Europe, where they'd spent their honeymoon, and were living in the hotel. I looked at them, and thought of their being

married, and that very soon I'd be Brad's wife, and it was all I could do to sit there and hear the others just chatter. Babbles and I went into Trix's room to powder our faces, and Babbles said to Trix, "How does it feel to be married?"

Trix laughed, in a sort of shamed way.

"It's like nothing else on earth," she said. "I hadn't any idea I cared so much for Billy—you have to marry a man to know whether you love him or not."

"Suppose you find that you don't," said Babbles.

"Then you get a divorce," said Trix. "Hope my marriage never goes on the rocks. I couldn't live without Bill."

She was so happy. I looked at her and wondered how I'd feel when I was married to Brad—it would be lots more wonderful than her marriage, I knew.

I couldn't think of anything else. During dinner nothing mattered; I didn't care what was put before me, and couldn't eat, anyway. I didn't even care that Don was drinking.

IT WAS criminal for Don to drink. He was studying to be a surgeon, and had lots of ability. His father and grandfather had been noted surgeons, and Don had got his degree and was doing special work. He really was a wonder, and awfully young to have done so much. But he couldn't resist liquor. They said it ran in his family; his grandfather had been conquered by it, and given up a brilliant career because he couldn't stay sober. His father had fought it and won; people said that Don's mother

had been responsible for that. And now here was Don with the same fight ahead of him.

Usually I could make him let the stuff alone. As I've said, I don't care about drinking; I really hated it. When I was just a little girl, I'd seen my father drunk. It never happened again. Dad adores me, and lots of times when Mother has nagged and nagged at him, he'd come to me and say, "Come along, Nina, let's clear out."

Then I knew that he wanted to drink and was bound



It was Don's voice, saying, "won't you marry me, Nina darling? I've always adored you."

he wouldn't. We'd play golf or tennis, or ride horseback till he was just worn out, and could go home and go to bed and sleep. It was hard on me, but I was willing to stand anything for my daddy.

I would try the same thing with Don when I could. Other times I'd tease him into letting it alone.

But that night, somehow, I didn't care. Nobody mattered but Brad.

As we were crossing the lobby after dinner I noticed Aunt Sue, and went over to speak to her. The others went on upstairs to the suite that Trix and Billy had, but I stayed there. Auntie looked at me and then put her arm around me and drew me close to her.

"What's happened to my girl?" she said. "Something big, isn't it?"

I told her about Brad. I just had to tell somebody. She kissed me and told me she was glad, and said she'd like to meet him soon, and I promised to bring him to call in a few days. Then she and Uncle Dan went off to a concert. I went to the door with them, and stood there a moment, hating to go back to the others. Looking down the Avenue, I realized that I was very near a church where I'd gone to a wedding just a few days before.

I slipped out into the street and ran toward it. I had my shawl with me, luckily, as the dining room had been draughty, and I held it close and hurried along, glad of this chance to escape for a few moments longer.

THERE was going to be a wedding. The church was beautifully decorated, and some people were fussing around, doing a few last things. But it was too early for any guests to be there yet, and not all the lights were on, so that it was beautifully dim and shadowy. I slipped into one of the back pews and knelt down, my eyes on the altar.

Kneeling there, I prayed, prayed for Brad, and for me, and for our life together. I thanked God for our love, and asked that I might be worthy of it. As I knelt there, the organist began to play, very softly. It seemed to me that the music carried my heart straight up to Heaven, that I knelt before God in that moment.

When I left the church, I felt that I had really been married to Brad.

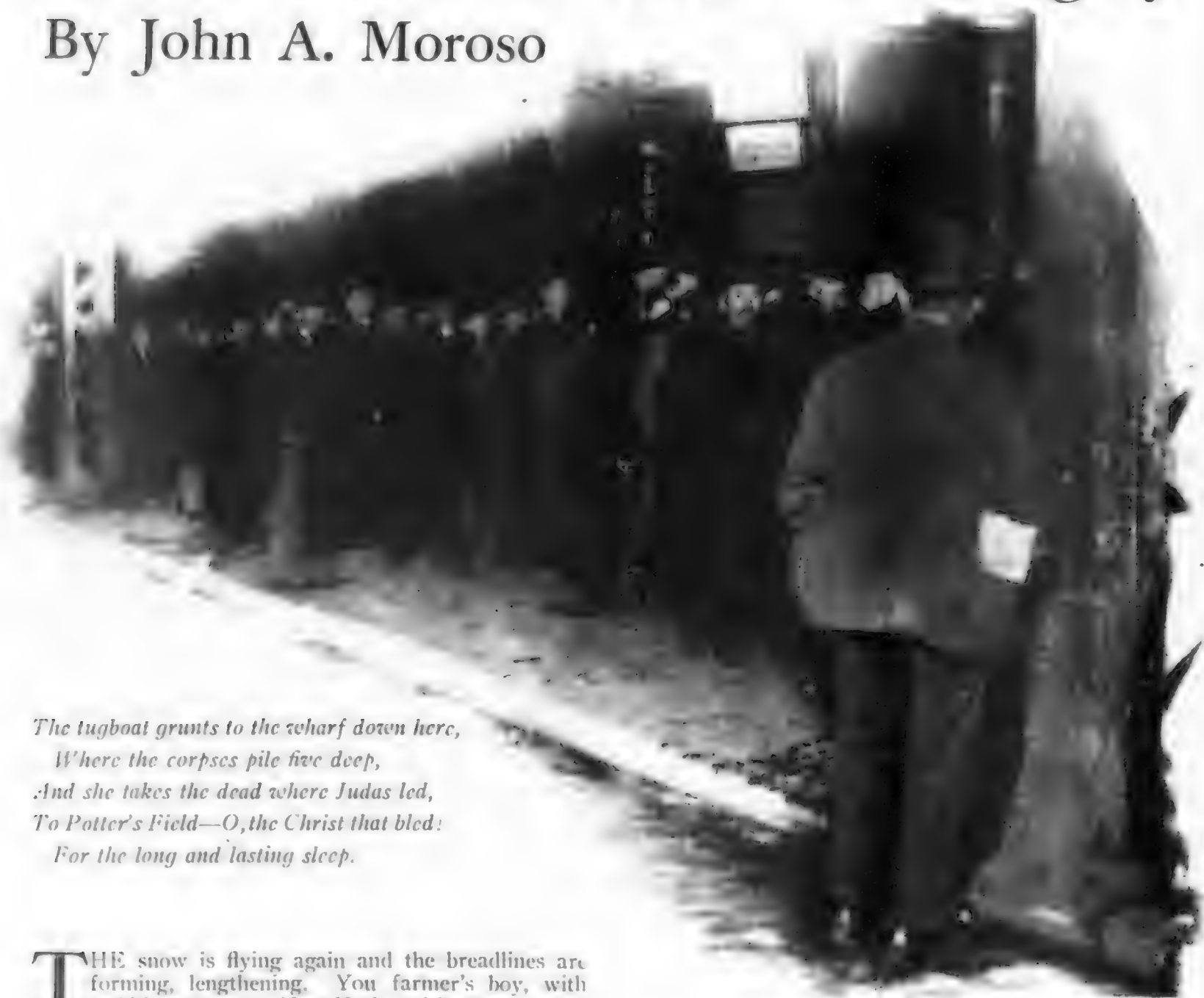
The theater party wasn't much of a success; Don was dull and sleepy, and Babbles got cross at him, because he sat there and never said a word, and didn't want to go anywhere to dance afterward. So I suggested that he go home and I go to the hotel and stay with Aunt Sue. Then the others could go on and [Turn to page 86]



I could hear him talking . . . His voice had that dreadful sound I knew.

When You Go Hungry

By John A. Moroso



*The tugboat grunts to the wharf down here,
Where the corpses pile five deep,
And she takes the dead where Judas led,
To Potter's Field—O, the Christ that bled!
For the long and lasting sleep.*

THE snow is flying again and the breadlines are forming, lengthening. You farmer's boy, with ambitions to go to New York and become a great merchant prince, read this carefully. You village girl, who would sell your innocence and beauty for a chance in the Follies or the pictures, stay a little longer by the kitchen fire and think it over carefully.

The wharf where the tugboat ties up daily is at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street, New York City. The block between First Avenue and the East River, shadowed by mighty bridges, is known as Misery Lane.

*I lead to the place where the homeless go,
Where they halt and fall on the way;
For a Bellevue cot is the poor man's lot,
And the Morgue is across the way.*

*I'm Misery Lane, I'm the short last lap,
And I'm run by the Board of Health.
O, the bitter tears and the endless cares,
And the poverty and wealth!*

Not since the year following the close of the Great War has the great city been so crowded with men and women, boys and girls, from the great outside world, seeking employment. Not since before that bad year, and not since the Wall Street panic of 1907, when the

Three hours in the January storm . . . before the hand-out of stale bread and coffee.

financiers juggled the railroads and the bank deposits too violently, have there been so many breadlines and graves of suicides.

When the corn is in the granaries and the wheat fields are snow-covered, when the young people of the countless small towns and villagesirk under the monotony of long and dreary nights, then visions of the City of Opportunity beset the minds of the shut-ins. The helpful, "cheery" magazines that come to their homes tell wonderful tales of the poor little East Side boy who is heralded in Carnegie Hall as the greatest living violinist; of the girl-wonder who has caught the interest of Sembrich or Farrar, and whose voice is to be trained and whose debut is to be made at the Metropolitan Opera House; of the former newsboy who has been elected to be President of the American Bankers' Association and so on.

and Cold in New York

A Story of the Breadline, Where Despair Is King



Harvest hands, laborers, even iron-workers—and other skilled workmen come here for food.

They do not tell about the breadline and Misery Lane. They do not give the story of the countless failures for every single success. They do not point out that during hard times, in any issue of a New York newspaper, may be read a paragraph to this effect:

Young woman, with a few pennies in her purse, threw herself in front of a subway train at Grand Central Station yesterday afternoon. Traffic was tied up for one hour.

The terrible end of the girl's hopes and ambitions is not the important news in the paragraph. The fact that thousands of people with jobs were delayed an hour in getting home is the thing that matters. What was left of the poor child went to Misery Lane. It was placed in a metal drawer, the size of the usual coffin, and held there for identification—and finally placed in a brown-painted box to await the grunting little tug that takes the unidentified dead to Potter's Field.

Of course all of the unfortunates do not end in Potter's Field. New York's police department has a bureau of identification. Every possible effort is made to find

mother, father, brother or best friend of the one who has given up. And if the search is successful and if the old mother in her bonnet and dad in his Sunday clothes come to the city to take home the body of the lost one, they will find across the way from Bellevue Hospital and the Morgue a row of little undertaking shops. The proprietors of these are in keen rivalry and their rates low, the National Casket Trust demanding its profit from rich and poor.

YOU may shudder at the coldness of these facts. You may be inclined to turn away at this happy season of the year from a chronicle of misery. You may prefer a magazine story with the music of sleigh-bells and the happy ending, or that tale of divine inspiration based on the birth of a child in the manger outside of Bethlehem. Even if you do read this, you ask:

"Can the Metropolis really be as cruel as all that?"

The city is not cruel, but it is inexorable in its demand for a full return for what it gives. It gives away nothing, except the little piece of ground necessary to

cover the unnumbered failures. If you are starving in the streets, it exacts a toll for the crust of bread you get in the breadlines—you must give a Christian minister a chance to convert you before you eat. If you have money, you must pay for the rent of the peg upon which your hat hangs as you dine. If you have brains, you must be equipped to use them and show results with them. There is no opportunity in New York for the unequipped and the untrained.

The individual New Yorker is as kind-hearted as any person in the world, but individual instincts and inclinations are lost in the mass of a six-million population.

There came to my notice a short time ago the pathetic case of two girls from Saylorsville, Pennsylvania. They were only two of the thousands of girls who descend on the city determined to become great actresses. Their funds were soon used up. One of them took the short cut to something to eat and a warm place to sleep. There are hundreds of men and women in Bright Alley (the latest slang name for Broadway) who watch and wait for the freshness and innocence the country sends to the city.

The other girl found that the theatrical managers were not exactly advertising for great actresses. She had come to the city without a single qualification that would warrant her in being given a start. In a melodrama, if the landlady turns the heroine out into the street, it brings tears to our eyes. In real life, as it is lived in New York, the plain honest truth of the matter is that if the landlady cannot collect the rent for her rooms, she cannot pay the rent of her house.

So the good girl from Saylorsville began to answer the

advertisements in the "Help Wanted" columns. She applied for a job placing labels on bottles. She could not even do this properly. There were hundreds of girls who could place twenty labels to her one—girls with muscles trained for mechanical toil, experts. Miss Saylorsville, with the dollar or two she earned, bought poison and took it. Fortunately she was pumped out in time. More fortunately she was able to pocket her pride and go back home.

THERE was nothing that this girl had for New York except a foolish and unwarranted ambition. There was nothing that New York could give her except the loan of the stomach pump.

One bitter winter's morning, when the city was crowded with the influx of the unemployed, I crossed the ferry from New Jersey without a penny in my pockets or a single thing I could pawn. I wanted to see if I could get a place to sleep and enough to eat to keep me alive as an unskilled laborer. I tramped the streets all day without success. It was bad weather—snow, rain, freezing. By night I was chilled to the bone and hungry.

I sought the Municipal Lodging House. It was filled. I was told to try the Morgue. The suggestion startled me. Why the Morgue? The army of the homeless unemployed in New York was so great that winter that the city authorities had authorized the use of this last stop to Potter's Field for the shelter of the living as well as the dead. Men and women lay on the stone floor—between walls of those beyond misery and want forever.

But no food was offered here. [Turn to page 104]



It was advertised as "The Biggest Meal in the World for Five Cents."

*She Was No Beauty,
But She Made Me
Think of a School
Teacher I Was
in Love With
When I Was
a Kid—*



She Was Some Woman!

ONE of the fellows wrote me at my mother's that you were asking where I was. How you wanted me to come back here and have charge of the motor assembly in the factory. So I drove down to tell you I'd take the job.

I'm through with flying. I never want to get near a plane again. You know how I used to have the itch, kind of. I bet most of the boys here in the shop have got it yet. These birds who come to work on motorcycles every morning, wearing flying helmets and goggles and all that stuff—they're just trying to kid themselves that they're pilots, that's all. I used to try it, too. No more, though. I wouldn't go over to the field this after-

noon to see the best flying show ever put on the books.

It's not cold feet, exactly. The crash I had didn't really get my nerve. But on Labor Day—

Well, I'll tell you about what I was doing all last summer, and then you'll understand me better when I come to the part about Labor Day.

You'll probably remember about a year ago, when I was working here, we got the order from the Air Mail for those V3X engines. You sent me over to their place at the field to help install them. Well, in the hangar next to theirs was a little fellow named Tommy Dean. He used to come in and chew the rag with me, and a couple of times I went over to his place, and he



She put on an old, oily suit of flying overalls and went to it.

showed me an old JN plane he had, all painted red. He used to carry passengers with it on Sundays sometimes, at five dollars a throw. Two or three times, when he was having trouble with his old teapot of an engine, I helped him out and fixed her up so she'd run like new. And he took me up for a couple of rides, and it made me worse than ever.

One day, he told me he'd got some money somewhere, and was going to start a flying circus. He wanted to know if I would go to work for him and

come on the road for the season.

Well, I always wanted to get outside again ever since the war, and I was glad to work for Tommy.

He was one fine boy. He said he'd teach me to fly, and that listened best of all. That's why I quit my job here in the shop, and went over to Tommy's place.

He bought two new machines — that is, they were army ships that had been in the crates ever since '18. We put new fabric on the wings and fixed them up where they needed fixing, and they really weren't such bad ships at that.

We were going to have a wing walker with the circus—you know—that does acrobatic stuff while the plane is in the air.

So we stiffened up the ribs along the leading edge and fixed up the wing skids so's an acrobat could hang on 'em. Then we rigged the running gear so we could put on a trapeze, and all the usual stuff. Between times Tommy was giving me time in the air on the old JN, and I was taking to it like a chicken takes to water.

After three hours in the air with Tommy, he let me take her up alone. And after a few weeks alone, I had her eating out of my hand, doing loops and all. Flying really ain't hard, and it ain't thrilling—except at times. But it makes up for it then.

Well, Tommy got hold of a fellow to manage us, a fellow named Holtz. He was a pretty good manager, too. He got in touch with two or three wing walkers, and they came down to the field and did their stuff for a try-out.

Well, one of them was pretty good—he was one of these iron-jaw birds, and his specialty was hanging by his teeth from the fifteen-foot trapeze on the running gear. It was some stunt, all right. But Tommy caught him hitting the bottle once or twice over in the corner of the hangar before they went up, and Tommy didn't have any use for guys that needed Dutch courage. So he told this bird we didn't want him. Edwards, his name was—Dare-Devil Edwards. Maybe you read about him getting killed out on the coast somewhere, doing his stuff for the movies.

WELL, when none of these birds measured up, Holtz said the booking agent had spoken to him about some girl acrobat that had been with "Corticelli's Combined Three Ringed Circuses," who wanted to break into the air game; and what a knockout it would be to have a lady dare-devil and all that. Well, neither Tommy nor I was anxious about having a woman around, but we figured Holtz was right when he said what an attraction she'd be. So Tommy says all right go ahead and trot her out.

So that Sunday out she came.

Now, of course, I know what you're thinking when I talk about a lady wing walker. You're thinking about some pretty tough old battle-axe, with bleached hair and maybe a gold tooth showing, and a build on her like a riveter. But this one was nothing like that.

Her name was Mary Muller, and she was no beauty nor anything like that either. But the first time I saw her, she made me think of a school teacher when I was a kid in school that I was in love with. She was pretty plain, but awful nice, and I guess maybe three or four years older than Tommy or me.

SHE said she hardly knew anything about heavier-than-air work. She'd done a season making triple parachute drops off an old smoke-bag balloon. She said she had a couple of ribs caved in one time when the chute swung her into some telephone wires. Most of the time she'd been with a circus doing trapeze and tight wire stuff over the net. But she'd quit the circus this year—I found out later it was because some man had been bothering her.

That was the funny thing about Mary Muller, and maybe you've known women who were the same way. I told you she wasn't pretty, and I know all she wanted was to be left alone. But she was always being bothered by men. She just couldn't help it, and there's lots of fellows that are not altogether white, and so poor Mary used to have an awful time keeping clear of them. Believe me, she was so nice that I was sorry for her, and besides that I liked her a whole lot myself.

Well, that first day when she came down to the field, Tommy took her in the air and did some spins and falling leafs and things—and when they landed she said it was the greatest stuff in the world. That the old balloons and the circus trapeze stuff wasn't in it! I remember that she was so happy about it that she looked younger than she was, and yes, she really did look kind of pretty. All lighted up, like.

And I remember that Tommy was more polite when he helped her out than he ever was with paid passengers. Passengers always made him sore, somehow; he was awful highstrung, and they always say such darn fool things

WE TOOK her over to the hangar and asked her to show us some of her acrobatic stuff. We rigged up a trapeze over a roof beam and she put on a suit of old oily flying overalls and went to it.

I'm here to state she was good. She did giant swings and double cuts and all that stuff, and I've paid half a buck many a time to see a whole lot worse in vaudeville. And just to show us what she had, she chinned herself ten times with one hand—and here I am a big husky bird sticking out my chest because I can do it four.

And mind you, she wasn't all

lumps and knotty muscles, either—just sort of slim and womanly. *Womanly*. I guess that was what she was most of all—womanly. All the time you saw her and talked to her and thought about her, that was the thing you remembered most. I guess that had been the cause of her troubles, too, somehow.

Well, anyway, after we'd seen her work there in the hangar, we talked it over and agreed that she was O.K. We could feel just from meeting her that she had the nerve, and she sure had shown us that she had the stuff. So Tommy hired her for a hundred per and five percent, and started to work her out in the air.

He took her up for a couple of more rides, just to get her used to it better. Doing his stuff of course, because you might as well set on the ground as do straight flying. Then he had her climb out of the seat onto the wing, and stay there hanging to a strut while he did some vertical banks and Immelmans.

Finally, when she'd got pretty good, I took the other ship up close to them, with a photographer in the back seat. We took some pictures of her hanging by one hand from a wing skid at three thousand feet and standing on her head on the top plane. These pictures were for Holtz to send around to booking agents and

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she was good . . .
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I lit into him pretty thorough . . . "Say, listen here, friend," he says, "If you think I'm trying to get fresh with Miss Muller, you got me wrong."

such to book dates with, and for the Sunday newspapers. I have a set of those pictures in my grip, and sometime I'll show 'em to you.

We took 'em from maybe only twenty feet away, and I want you to tell me what kind of an expression you see on Tommy's face as he watches that girl do her stuff. I know he used to be all sweaty around the eyes when he came down and took his goggles off, poor kid.

Well, we booked as "Dean's Flying Circus, Featuring Mademoiselle Marie Mallaire, the Vamp of Cloudland."

Tommy raised an awful holler about the vamp stuff, but Holtz said he knew his job. I guess he did all right, because he got us booked to some pretty good money. Mostly country and state fairs, with some conventions and things like the Elks and Shriners and the Legion.

BUT, say, I wish I could tell you this story right. I can go on this way giving you the facts, but it's not half the story without your knowing Mary. She was aces up. She was some woman! You shouldn't think about her like a sweetheart or a wife or a mother or a sister, but a woman. I hope you can get me, because I can't exactly say what I'm trying to say. It's funny.

I want to tell you it was some sight to see that woman work, after we'd all practiced up. Tommy would take her up a thousand or fifteen hundred feet, with her in the back seat and him in front. Then she'd stand up

and climb on to the top plane, all dressed in her white flying suit. And she'd stand up there, leaning against the rushing wind, and balancing herself with her hands above her head.

Then she'd climb down onto the bottom plane and walk out to the wing tip, swinging herself along from the wires to the struts, the same as a street car conductor goes along the running board of an open car. When she got out to the tip she'd reach around underneath and grab hold of the wing skid and swing down and hang by one hand—waving the other and throwing kisses with it. And finally she'd come back and climb down between the wheels on the running gear, cast loose the rope ladder, and climb down, swinging around beneath the plane like a big white pendulum.

Finally we all got so good that I used to jockey over underneath Tommy's plane, when she was on the ladder, and she'd change over to my ship. Then I'd take her once around the field and she'd transfer back to Tommy. It was some stunt! Believe me, all three of us were nervous when we did it, but there was big money in it and that was what we were out for.

THEN Mary said why didn't we put on a parachute jump, too. So we got her a chute. A safety-pack, like the Air Mail fellows use. When she got through with her wing walking and changing planes and stuff, she'd climb to the back seat in Tommy's ship, snap the spring hook of the chute onto the big steel ring on the back of her harness, and then Tommy would start a loop, stop the ship when it was upside down, and she'd fall out head first.

like it was accidental.

Boy, that was some thriller, all right, seeing her fall like a stone for a hundred feet—and then see the big white chute bust open like a cloud, and her come floating down on it

That girl could handle a chute, too! A lot of people will tell you you can't steer a chute, but you can. You just pull on the shroud lines on the side you want to go towards, and it folds in a little on that side and you sort of side slip in that direction. Of course you don't want to pull them too much, or the chute will fold in and lose all the air out of it. And then God help you!

Well, we worked up all this stuff, and believe me we could put on a swell forty-minute show. We played our first date on Decoration Day over in Pennsylvania. Everybody said we had all the other flying circuses lashed to the mast. From there we worked over across into Ohio and out that way for a couple or three months, filling maybe a date a week

Of course, at some places we had three and four day dates. Somebody on the fair committee, or whatever it was, always gave us a car to use, and we had a fine time. I had two other chaps to help me with the planes. Tommy was a white man and said I was an aviator now and not to bother with mechanicing any more, except to make sure everything was O.K. We were making big money—I know my share of it

ran over a hundred a week and naturally I was pulling down the smallest end of it.

We had pretty good weather on the average. We struck a couple of mean days, of course, and some small fields with trees and wires and things to fly out of. But on the whole we couldn't kick. Tommy and I flew the ships from place to place, carrying the mechanics. And Holtz and Mary would go in the train, shipping the tools and spares and things by express.

I NEVER had such a fine time in my life as I did those summer months. We were all mighty happy. Believe me. I made up my mind that outdoors was the place for me. I remember how I used to love the smell of those fairs and carnivals—there's something about them you can't smell anywhere else. It's a mixture of the peanuts and the popcorn and the hot dogs cooking; and the green grass that's been trampled on, and the wet dust where they've been sprinkling the track. Then there's the smell

Finally she'd climb down . . . and swing around beneath the plane like a big white pendulum.

of the country people in their best clothes, and the funny laundry kind of smell from the little kids in their stiff starched dresses.

Mary was enjoying herself, too. Only once did I see her troubled, and the guy that caused it got badly hurt. He was a bird that had known Mary in some circus she'd been in, and he was running a razzle-dazzle, or a Ferris wheel or something, at the Clyde City Centennial where we were flying. I noticed she was kind of worried when she came out to the grounds every day we were at Clyde City.

Once I happened to see her looking at this bird who was standing in the crowd. He was looking at her. We were just rolling the ships into the tent after the flight, so in a minute or so I mosied over through the crowd and asked him to step to one side with me for a minute.

Well, he looked toward Mary again and came along with me around behind some booths and things. Then I asked him what in h—l he meant by it!

He says, "Now listen here, friend, all this is none of your business. Miss Muller's a friend of mine I knew way back three years ago, so mind your own business."

So I says, "Well, listen here, friend, I'm making it my business, and I'm telling you to lay off."

And he says, "Say, listen here, friend, if you think I'm trying to get fresh with Miss Muller, you got me wrong. I asked her to marry me three or four times, and I meant it. And I'm going to ask her again, because that's how much I think of her."

So I says, "Well, listen here, friend, if there's any asking to be done, Tommy Dean's the boy to do it."

Somehow, just at that very moment, it seemed that I realized Tommy was in love with her and she with him. It's funny how you can be looking right at something for a long time, and suddenly see it as you have never seen before. Just as if somebody switched a searchlight on it.

"Tommy Dean?" says this bird, looking up sudden and spitting on the grass in a tough way. "Well, say, listen here, friend, I don't know what prior claims this Tommy Dean's got. Who's Tommy Dean, anyway? And who are you? I guess you're just a — butt in, if you ask me."

Well, I cussed him back. One thing led to another, and he made a swipe at me and so I lit into him and beat him pretty thorough. I was rather sorry afterwards, because he hadn't seemed such a bad bird. I guess he was serious about Mary, all right. Anyway, the date was over that afternoon, so we didn't see him again, and I didn't say anything about it to Mary.

I THINK she must have guessed a little what happened, because that night at supper in the hotel she asked me how I skinned my knuckles so bad.

I got red and said, "Oh, nothing." She looked at me a minute and lay her hand on my arm very soft, and smiled. Her blue eyes were awful soft, too. Gee, but she was some woman!

Now that I realized Tommy loved her, I could see it more and more all the time. And I could see that she was just the same way about him. There were times when she looked at him, when her face really became sort of beautiful.

So one day I said to him, "Tommy, we know each other pretty well, now, and I hope you'll excuse what I'm going to say. Why don't you speak to Mary?"

He looked at me kind of queer, and swallowed.

"Speak to Mary—what about?"

So I took him by the arm and I had to swallow once or twice too. But I said right out:

"Tommy, you love Mary and she loves you. She's the finest woman in the world, and that's the kind you've got coming to you. Why don't you get married?"

WELL, he didn't say anything for a few minutes. Then he led me over to a wing crate in the back of the tent, and made me sit down beside him.

"Eddy," he said, quiet like. "I didn't know anybody knew I loved Mary, and I never was sure she cared about me. I hoped it, sure—but how do you know it?"

So I told him that I couldn't tell exactly why, except that she was so—well, so darned womanly whenever she looked at him or talked about him. I couldn't explain it exactly, but he understood what I meant. He just sat there clasp and unclasp his hands so hard that the knuckles got all white.

Finally he said:

"Well, Eddy, I'll ask her to marry me when we finish the season—but good Lord, it would get my nerve to ask her now, and then have to watch her doing her stuff and hang by one hand and go plunging down in that chute. It's bad enough now, knowing I love her and seeing her do it. And maybe—maybe it's as bad for her. But as long as we haven't really spoken about it to each other, it ain't quite the same. Just a word or so, and then somehow that one little bit of whatever it is that keeps us going would break and be gone.

"When she'd smile at me from out there on the wing tip, and when I'd turn around and watch her hook onto her chute before I start the loop—why, we'd both know what each other was thinking and it would get our nerve. No, Eddy, I'll wait till we finish the season. I'd never let her finish it, only I know she'd never quit now."

He looked at me kind of eager. "You don't think we could make her quit if we asked her to, do you, Eddy?"

Well, I knew she wouldn't, she was that game, and I told him so. We sat there on the crate for maybe an hour or so with neither of us saying anything. Then the crowd started coming around the tent and the band was playing and the trotting races started, and pretty soon it was time for us to fly.

We went up and did our stuff. Once she smiled at me way up there in the air, when she swung onto my plane from the rope ladder. Even with her helmet and goggles and oil all over her face from the engine, she looked beautiful! I was just

[Turn to page 90]

How Long Should a Girl Wait?

THAT is the big problem which thousands of girls are facing every day.

One of these girls has written her story for the March issue of SMART SET. It is powerful because it is so vital.

What is the right thing for her to do?

You will be interested in this new feature and the others which follow it.

F. O. T.

*Julianne Set Up an Idol and
Worshipped it. She Sacrificed
Don's Very Life Work at
Her Shrine — and Then
When He Finally Re-
belled She Learned a
Strange and Terrible
Lesson—Be-
cause—*



There may be a "Don" in some other girl's life—and she may send him away—

He *Was* Only a Man

MY STORY is not a new story, but it is a true one—so true that many women, when they read it, are going to wonder if it is not the story of themselves.

And there you have my reason for writing it.

There may be a Donald Starr in some other girl's life beside mine, and she may be sending him away—as I did Don—in her selfishness and blindness, because he is not a superman. Only a man.

And she may be blind enough not to be thankful for just that!

As I write, I realize my story is not new—any more than the love of Antony was new in the days of the Cæsars, or the love of the little flapper who idolizes the best dancer in the hall.

There have been two men in my life. The first does not count, for he has little to do with this story. Except that I married him, and our marriage has a bearing on the rest.

He was old, ten years older than I. I married him because my father respected him and told me that he would make a good, safe husband. When my father died, I took his advice.

Oh, yes, there was as much romance in my soul as there is in any girl's, but I was afraid. I had been brought up in Colliston, in the shade of the big elms that bordered Vickey street. In Colliston I was going to stay.

I was rooted there; the outside world oppressed me with its vastness. In Colliston I was safe. As Frank Farris was one of the modestly rich, staidly respectable business men of the town, I married him, and got in exchange safety.

I didn't realize that I had bartered love and dreams and beauty in exchange for it—not until I got Don's note shortly after the wedding, wishing me happiness and success in my marriage.

Don and I had been boy-and-girl sweethearts at high

"Julianne!" he exclaimed. "So it was you. I thought I dreamed you were here."



school. After that era, he had gone to college and then away, as a mining engineer.

I had forgotten him—almost. He was working somewhere up in Alaska.

Just an informal, quiet little note, it was—like Don, in a way. But something woke inside me when I read it.

"If you should ever need me, send for me, and I shall come," he said, quite simply.

But I hid the thoughts that letter evoked, hid them and strangled them, for it was not right that I should think of Don—not respectable, for the wife of Frank Farris.

So I was faithful to Frank until he died.

My grief was not deep. I was still a child at heart. Frank left me a much smaller fortune than people expected, only enough to keep me comfortably; that, and his house would be mine so long as I should remain in Colliston.

I'll never know why he put that clause in his will—that if I should leave Colliston as a place of residence, I should forfeit the house. But it helped—it rooted me deeper than ever into the only soil I had ever known.

I hadn't sent for Don. I had settled down to a placid sort of quiet mourning—but Don came.

"I heard of Farris' death," he said quietly, "and I had a month off, so I thought I'd run down and see if I could help."

What a different man he was from those I knew!

Big and strong and vividly alive, with the light that comes from the sheer joy of strenuous living in his dark blue eyes, and slender hands that were more muscular than a blacksmith's in their brown shapeliness.

"It's good to see you, Don," I said, trying to appear unmoved. "You—you're looking well."

WE WERE on my vine-covered front porch and the sunlight fell through in splashes of gold on his bronzed face and brown hair. It was that lazy hour of a summer afternoon when pictures are painted in the mind that last to the end of time.

Don smiled, just as he had as a boy, and caught both my hands in his own.

"Don't, Julianne!" he pleaded, shaking his head. "You'd like to make a stranger of me and I won't let you. Did you love—Farris?"

"I never knew," I replied, forced to truthfulness by the steady look in his eyes.

"Then you didn't! I suspected it." Still holding my hand, he drew me close to him.

"Julianne, I hate bad taste in anything, and I know you're in mourning. But I think—if you know I've loved you ever since—long ago, it might be that—"

I shook my head and I knew tears were in my eyes.

"I can't help but tell you—it's good to hear you say

it, Don," I confessed, wondering at the sudden courage his presence gave me.

And then, when we sat down together on the little porch hammock, I did one of those things that women of my type are forever doing. I felt in my heart that I loved Don, and yet I was afraid of the knowledge.

He told me he loved me. I knew that whatever I asked of him he would grant, and I knew I wanted him near me. I wasn't ready to confess my love for him. So I asked him to stay in Colliston.

"It will be good to have you near," I told him.

He nodded gravely. "I know. If you wish it, I will stay," he said. "I'll send in my resignation tonight."

THAT was the beginning. Don surrendered easily.

Knowing he was there solaced me, made my heart laugh when my lips were grave and unmoved. He came to see me every day and I let him hold my hand.

But I was afraid. I knew in my heart what love for Don would mean. It would mean strange, new worlds that frightened my small-town soul. Hardships and struggles and the long, long trail that he travelled—building things and opening new civilizations.

That was the way he talked, and though I thrilled when I heard his deep, strong voice vibrant with earnest-

ness and the love of his work, I shuddered inwardly, afraid of what it all would mean to the woman who loved him.

But when he had been in Colliston for six months, I could resist his pleading no longer.

"You want me here, darling," he said one night, when a silver sickle of a moon peeped through the tangle of honeysuckle vines covering the porch. "It's because you love me. Don't be afraid to tell me, Julianne—please!"

I felt his strong hands on my shoulders and then his arms drew me close. Though I tried to choke the words back and to escape him, when I looked up into his face, I could only whisper

"I love you, Donald."

Then he kissed me. I felt my whole being struggle to rise from the meshes which had held it since childhood. To rise and meet his lips with the message it had. Yet it choked it back.

I was afraid.

I had made of Don a superman, a sort of Sir Galahad whom I knew was always near me, always ready to answer my call—a strong, noble knight who loved me and who had no faults. I rested secure in his presence in Colliston. But beyond that I [Turn to page 106]



She hated me! In my sudden self-contempt I did not blame her.



*The Strange Influence
of the Legend of*

Lovers' Island

*Perhaps It Didn't
Mean Anything—
But I Wonder
Who Else
Could Have Been
To Blame
For What Happened?*

I trembled violently as my eyes took in the scene.

I WAS only a girl of fourteen when my father took me down the white beach of Palm Island one day to the north end. There the tide foamed through Seminole Sound from the open sea. Across the narrow stretch of blue water lay "Lovers' Island"—all pearl and emerald in the Florida sun. My dad pointed at the tiny isle that was uninhabited save for hungry gulls and crying wildcats in the palmetto jungles.

"Clemmy," he said, taking my hand in his big rough one, "you're big enough and old enough to know now that you mustn't ever go to Lovers' Island unless you go with—with the man you're sure to marry. Understand? You must never set foot on it till then," he finished, his weather-wise eyes searching mine.

I nodded that I understood. But, of course, I didn't.

Dad must have realized this because, keeping his eyes on me, he asked again if I understood.

"You said I mustn't ever go to Lovers' Island unless it was with the man I was sure to marry. But, why, Dad? Why can't I?" I asked, baffled.

Before making answer, he looked around as if there were danger of someone overhearing his words. But the beach was a sweep of lonely sand. And the sea and the wind seemed to be minding their own business.

"I guess you're old enough to know all about Lovers' Island, gal," he said at last, his hand closing tighter over mine. "You see, it's been a law among us island folks long 'fore you were born not to let our gals go over there 'less they went with their man-to-be. 'Seafarin' men believe in signs and superstitions. There's



"I've sent for the sky-pilot, and there'll be a weddin' in the old town tonight," said Dad, tapping his shotgun significantly.

been a bad sign—like a storm shadow—hanging over Lovers' Island ever since it got its name from Janie Welch's experience. And, believin' in signs, Palm Island folks made such a law for our gals."

THEN he told me how long, long ago poor Janie walked on the beach over there and met a young sailor from a strange ship that hove in from a blow.

Folks said they were in love. But the folks were partly wrong. The sailor didn't love Janie enough to stay and marry her. He put to sea with his ship. Janie stayed on till her baby came—then she left. Nobody has ever heard of her since. Only couples that are going to marry soon ever dare go courting over there.

"When you see them going to Lovers' Island, it's a sign that they'll soon be standing before a preacher. Clemmy," my father said.

"There's some bewitchment over on that lonely little beach," he went on. "If it cast a spell on poor Janie Welch, we think it'll do the same thing to our other gals. So remember, Clemmy, it's forbidden country till you go with your man that's got my permission to marry you."

Somehow my fourteen-year-old mind half-understood all of the strange things Dad said down there on the white beach.

I walked back home with him like a girl who has suddenly found out that there are many great things in life she had never dreamed of before.

FROM the sea-grassed top of a sand dune, I watched Jim Withers swagger along our Palm Island beach with his big arm around Mary Wright's slim waist. He led her to his dory, half-drawn upon the sparkling white sand. Helping her aboard, he shoved off. A moment later Jim was at the oars pulling through the blue of Seminole Sound for Lovers' Island across the water.

"They're going over to do their last courting," I whis-

pered inwardly, my eyes following them wistfully. Mary and Jim had been in love a long time. He had just come back from sea. Now they were going to Lovers' Island. Soon they would be standing before a preacher. That was the law of things on our island.

For almost four years I watched different couples go over to Lovers' Island with indifferent eyes, for I knew that it was forbidden land to me. I was too

young to think of such things as love and marriage

But, now, on this green and gold spring morning with the song of the sea and the mysterious voice of the winds singing in my ears, the sight of Mary Wright and her man made me suddenly realize that I was no longer a child. I was a woman with a heart eager to know the magic that sent Mary and Jim to that island of lovers.

When I saw them pull the dory up on the beach across the Sound and walk off arm-in-arm, a swift yearning came to my heart that was half like pain. Mary and Jim were romance! Something that I suddenly found myself wanting with all the might of my eighteen years. No longer did I seem too young for love and marriage.

MAYBE it was only the wonder of spring that made me stretch my arms out wistfully to the blinding sun. Maybe it was only that that made me clench my hands until the knuckles showed white, for spring had just drifted in upon our Florida coast like a soft spell of enchantment from the southern seas. But as I stood there on the sand dune, it came to me that a change had taken place somewhere within me. It was the miracle of life that turns a girl into a woman.

Yet I knew that romance and love could not come to me as I wished it. There were no men on Palm Island to bring my sudden dreams of romance true. Only Tom Hatch, a big hulking giant, who scared me with his bearded face and squinting eyes; Deep-water Smith, a fisherman, who smelled of brine and fish; Ike Hawkins, the island loafer; and Sam Johnson, only thirty, but so ugly babies cried when he passed. They were the only ones left unmarried—except Jim Withers, with his bright blue eyes. And now he was courting Mary Wright on Lovers' Island!

Turning my back on Seminole Sound, I hurried along the beach towards our pine cottage that faced the open sea. I tried to forget Lovers' Island. But I could not. The tide's soft murmuring to the shore and the thrilling songs of birds deep in the jungle made me remember. Memory swept me back to the day Dad had told me all about Lovers' Island. Certain words ran through my mind again, stirring a strange, daring hope in my heart:

"We can't help believing there's some sort of bewitchment over there on that lonely island," I said to myself, repeating his own words.

SUDDENLY a decision flared in my heart. I would go to Lovers' Island that very afternoon, forbidden or not. If it held any bewitchment as Dad had claimed, maybe in some way it might bring romance into my life.

There was one half-way logical reason for such a fantastic hope on my part. The reason lay in the fact that occasionally some of the strange rich people, who owned islands north of us, visited Lovers' Island, fishing, hunting and exploring.

It was about three o'clock by sun time when I dragged my skiff high and dry upon the north end of Lovers' Island, where there was little danger of my being seen from Palm. I ran along the beach towards the sea with the speed of a guilty person trying to escape capture. An inner voice kept warning me that I had done wrong. Still, the hope of romantic adventure, far-fetched as it was, kept up my nerve.

Now the salt-scented breeze from the east was whipping my white dress, and I walked bravely among the drift logs, stopping here and there to study the initials knifed in the water-grained wood. It thrilled me to find these signs of lovers on the island of my hopes.

The sun was still high in the west when I decided my quest had been in vain. Tired, disappointed, I watched the calm blue sea ripple against the beach, then foam and froth as if in mimic anger. The water suggested stimulation and refreshment. I leaned over and untied my shoes. Off came my stockings and my clothes. I streaked down to the water's edge, secure in my belief that I was alone on the island. I plunged into the sea, swimming easily and surely out beyond the last line of breakers.

LATER, thrashing shoreward through the lacy ribbon of breakers, I stopped suddenly in my tracks and screamed. A great hulking man had just ducked behind a screen of bushes. To find that a man was on the beach watching me, paralyzed me completely. For moments I stood there knee-deep in the frothing sea, unable to stir. At last, the power to move returned,



There never was a stranger wedding in the flickering lamplight of our parlor Dad, his shotgun in hand, stood a few feet away and watched.

and I plunged back into deep water, fear eating my heart.

It seemed that I waited in the surf wondering what to do next. The man had backed off through the brush apparently. However, I was afraid he had not gone far. But the sun was going down in the west beyond the pine and oak tops of Lovers' Island. Already the shadows were beginning to drift in from the open sea like opal and purple sails. It was nearing our supper time. Dad would be waiting and wondering. Oh, if he knew—if he ever caught me!

I remembered how stern and hard Dad could be in anger. Once I had seen him in a fight aboard his smack

when a sailor gave him back talk. I shuddered at the memory of Dad's terrible strength aroused by anger. What would he say and do to me for disobeying him this way?

Another question forced itself upon me. Who was the great hulking man I thought was still lurking in the brush waiting for me to move? The flashing glimpse of him had reminded me of Tom Hatch. I was almost sure the man had a beard and squinting eyes! But, still, as far as I knew, Tom Hatch was down to the southern end of Palm, fishing.

At last I dared a few steps shoreward, straining my

swinging, was coming towards me. In that moment I would have thanked God had the man been Tom Hatch. For Tom would not have dared touch me. But the man was not Tom. He was a stranger—bigger, more bearded and frightful looking than squinting Tom. I shuddered and shrank back on the log with a scream of terror.

"So, the pretty little mermaid's plumb scared to death, eh?" he said tauntingly.

I was too frightened to do more than shrink back on the log and shiver with apprehension. In that moment I thought I would surely die right there on Lovers' Island, that had played me so false in my search for a



eyes up and down the beach for the slightest sign of the man. Again knee-deep in water, I paused. Fear still ate like acid in my heart. It was do or die, with twilight coming on like a gray, ghostly veil. A desperate little cry parting my lips, I broke into a run, and darted up the hard sand with a sinking feeling that hidden eyes were watching me. In less time than it takes to tell I got into my clothes. The feeling of being watched was like quicksilver burning in my veins. I was sitting on a log, hurriedly pulling on my stockings and shoes, when a crash in the bushes behind made my heart turn over with fear. Then the blood froze in my veins.

A great bearded man, his hairy, ape-like arms

dream man. My heart stood still as the man came closer. Cowering back in the gray half-light, I waited for his next word, like a trapped animal.

"If you don't want to be seen like I saw you, you ought not be runnin' 'round like a—a young heatien. Where'd you come from anyhow?" he demanded, turning on me.

EVEN in my state of near collapse I knew the man was toying with me—playing with me like a cat plays with a mouse before striking. But I figured it was best not to aggravate him, so I answered tremblingly:

"I'm from Palm Island just—just south of here."

"Humph, island gal, eh? Ain't no wonder you're so spry in the water. What's yer name?"

"Clemmy," I answered, not meaning to give my right one.

"Clemmy," he said over and over again, shifting his seat closer. Again my heart was in my mouth and nausea swept over me at the thought that he might touch me.

"Married yet?" he asked, his eyes boring through me.

"No," I said.

"Ought to be," answered the man impudently. "That ain't just hair you got, Clemmy. It's silk. Gold silk. Them ain't eyes either. They're two drops of the sea out yonder, only bluer—deeper. And lips! Say, Clemmy, I ain't had a kiss from such lips in many moons," he said, catching me in his arms.

Closer and closer came his hair-matted face. Where was my strength that the sun, the wind and the sea had given me? Vainly, as his lips came closer to mine, I tried to rally my muscles. They seemed dead with fear. His breath was on my cheeks now.

"Stop!" I screamed, my voice and strength rousing themselves at last.

I wrenched one arm free. But the giant still had me fast by the other. While I kicked, and struck at him, he forced me around. I was helpless in his iron grasp. He made a move as if to throw me across his shoulder and carry me off

HOLDING me half-way to his wide shoulders, the giant suddenly let me fall to the soft yielding sand and tore off at top speed. I saw this with eyes that were fast closing to the gray dimness, while in my ears there was a sound of a man's voice and of running feet. My name was being lifted high above the tumult on Dad's booming voice. Then the gray dimness turned pitch black and the sounds of tumult died away.

"Clemmy, you've done a terrible thing coming here like this to meet a man."

My father's voice was harsh and grating as my eyes fluttered open to a vision of star-clustered heavens. I tried to lift myself up and answer him, but I was too weak to move. I tried my voice:

"Daddy, what are you saying? I only came to be alone—to look at the island," I began weakly.

"Don't make your sin worse by lying, gal," he cut in, choking back some of his fury. "Like all damn wimmen, you'll lie and try to save the man. I know there was one here. We found his tracks leadin' down to the beach. We even heard his motor launch when he was runnin' away. He was a big man, gal, judging by his tracks. Who in hell is he? Tell me, 'cause I'll find him sure as there's a God above. There'll be no Janie Welch in my family."

"Oh, Dad!" I cried, feeling as if he had struck me in the face with all his might.

"It ain't no time for carryin' on, gal. Tell me his name and where he comes from. It's only the Providence

of God that's savin' you. Two people on Palm seen you headin' for here. When you didn't come home at dark—fall I got worried and asked. I heard about you headin' this way. The rest of the men that came with me are waitin' down the beach now. Hurry, gal, and tell me the scoundrel's name."

"I tell you there isn't any man, Dad," I cried.

HE TURNED on me like I once saw him turn on a sailor. His eyes were flashing and his whole body trembled.

"There was a man and I know it. Tell me, Clemmy, who is he?" he commanded, his temper about to burst its dam.

I dared not tell him there wasn't any man. He wouldn't believe me, and in his temper he might kill me.

"His first name's Jack," I lied, thinking it would be best that way. "I don't know where he lives. He never would tell me."

"A young fellow?"

"Yes, Dad. Very young and big. That's all I know about him."

"He'll try to sneak back here to see you again. They all do when they think the trouble's over. I'll take a shotgun and hide on this island till he comes the next time. Then he'll find out what's comin'. He'll marry you quicker'n I can say Jack Robinson, or I'll——"

"Dad," I cried in more alarm, "he never harmed me—honest."

"Never harmed you!" roared back Dad. "What's a man comin' 'way down here in a motor boat to meet an island gal for? For nothin'? Gal, you can't shield this young scoundrel. Maybe he's one of them rich young dudes from them millionaire islands to the north of us."

"No, Dad, I'm sure he isn't,"

I said alarmed. But I was

glad I had lied about the man's looks. If the terrible giant ever came back and Dad found him, he might be mad enough to insist I marry him.

"Come on, we must be getting back to Palm," he said gruffly, helping me to my unsteady legs.

THE next morning I watched Dad walk down the beach in the burning dawn, a shotgun on his shoulder. He walked with a menacing step. He was bound for Lovers' Island where he was going to wait day by day until he found the man I had lied to him about.

Days passed. Dad walked away every morning with his shotgun, shoved off in his dory, and remained on Lovers' Island till past sundown. Then he would come back to Palm and stride into the house, his jaw set, and his eyes staring dead ahead as if he were looking for something or someone all the time. The man I had lied about, I guess.

The first of May came and with it a preacher from the mainland to marry Mary Wright and Jim Withers. But the wedding did not keep Dad from going off with his shotgun that morning to continue the watch.

As for me I had no heart to go to the wedding. The shadow that was upon me had killed all of my thoughts

When?

*HAVE you written the story of
MY BIG PROBLEM for
SMART-SET?*

*I hope you have enjoyed the
Marriage stories as much as I have.
They are certainly inspiring.*

*We will publish the most vital
Problem stories of less than 2,000
words and will pay fifty dollars for
every story published.*

*Perhaps we can solve your prob-
lem for you.*

F. O. T.



"Don't make your sin worse by lyin', gal . . . Tell me—'cause I'll find him sure."

of romance, and left my heart like a bleeding, stricken thing. All that afternoon, while Palm Island looked upon love being pledged to high heaven, I remained indoors trying not to think of Jim and Mary. They made me remember back to a spring morning when life had seemed full of promise and sunlight, instead of despair and shadows as it seemed now.

Two nights later there was a great commotion of voices and steps in front of our cottage. Before I reached the front door something inside of me sounded a warning. I sensed that Dad had found a man on Lovers' Island and was dragging him home to me.

For long torturous moments I dared not turn the knob and face the advancing tumult. Deep down in my heart I was afraid the man might be the hulking

giant who had really caught me on Lovers' Island. If it was!

"God forbid!" I moaned, pushing forward.

The door suddenly shot open under my weight. I stood on the threshold and trembled like a leaf in a storm as my eyes took in the scene. Dad was half-dragging and pulling a tall man through the dusk. Far behind Dad and his hand-bound prisoner straggled a crowd of Palm Islanders. Suddenly my eyes focussed on the man with Dad. I had forgotten to investigate him closely in the flurry of the moment.

"Thank God!" I moaned, seeing that he was not the hulking giant who had caught me on the forbidden beach.

The stranger stood as high as [Turn to page 116]

Would You **Marry a** **Sarcastic** **Girl?**

*This is the Story of a Man Who is
Known by Thousands of People.
IT WILL MAKE YOU THINK.*



From the things my wife says all the time,

WHEN I first met Jane she was a beautiful girl, with clean-cut features, flashing eyes, an active mind and a nimble wit. Her snappy repartee attracted me almost as much as her personal beauty, and I found great sport in some of her brilliant sallies at the expense of others—many of them at my own expense. I did feel that sometimes she cut needlessly, but I said to myself that it was only good-natured banter.

She was undeniably distinctive, but as I look back I realize that she was not popular. However, I was not conscious of this fact and of its significance at the time.

As I say, she was a striking personality. And she still is—striking in more senses than one. However, with close association the quality of her personal magnetism apparently blinded me to the things I might have seen. Besides, she possessed a whole list of severe virtues—clearness, high principles, a rigid sense of duty, particularly for others but also for herself, scrupulous honesty, industry and all the other attributes that good

women are supposed to have. Yet in spite of all these possessions they may be perfectly terrible persons all the same.

Charity and generosity Jane had, in the sense of giving money or sharing what she had. But as regards the motives and conduct of others, she had neither charity nor generosity. However, there was some humor in her wit, and I came to love her for the good qualities which she had and for others which my imagination endowed her with. You see, I was ready to love somebody.

I recall one instance, in our early courtship, when I was stung by some cutting thing that she said and I expressed some sort of protest—you see, I squirmed even then. I asked her if she didn't think that she often hurt people's feelings needlessly by her witticisms?

"Well, you know, it's the truth that hurts," she replied, evidently enjoying her own rejoinder. "Don't you believe in the truth?"

Before I had time to think out her misleading question



the children naturally get the impression their father is a pretty worthless specimen of his kind.

I replied that I did. Then she went on with a gleam:

"I think that the truth is good for people," her eyes sparkling.

"Even when it hurts?"

"Why, yes, that's just when it does them the most good. There is nothing underhanded in me, George, you'll find that out. I believe in brutal frankness."

I knew it. I had felt the kick of it more than once.

"But don't you think," I ventured, "that what you call brutal frankness is something more like frank brutality?"

She laughed at this. "Well, it doesn't matter what you call it so long as it is the truth. And the truth is good for people."

So it seems that I had been on the trail of the truth about her attitude even in those early days, but I did not follow it up. I was so crazy about her by this time that I gave her credit for the best of motives. And besides, what she said about the truth was all very plausible. It is true that she was not, and even now is

not underhanded. But a little more kindness and a little less truth sometimes makes a better human mixture, as I have found to my sorrow.

If I could have known what I know now! There is in particular one big, fundamental principle of human nature that applies not only to the quality of sarcasm but to all other traits and tendencies as well. This big truth is that as people grow older they become ever more and more like themselves. Personality does not change, but becomes more sharply defined.

Certain traits may be hardly apparent in youth, being somewhat in embryo, covered up by others. But they grow on one. The ruts get deeper. If John is inclined to be close with his money in his youth, depend upon it that he will become more and more stingy as time goes on—and that within twenty years of married life he will be as tight as a Pullman car window. He is the same John Smith, only more so. If he is comfortably careless in the matter of his clothes, then he will grow ever more



We always get on better after one of these fights . . . But it is not long before she is ready to break forth with some fresh sarcasm.

loose and sloppy, until slovenliness is the only name for it. If he is high tempered, he will gradually grow more violent. And if a girl has a sarcastic tongue, let me assure you that it will grow sharper and more cruel as the years go by.

Did you ever see a baby kitten that you thought was the cutest thing in the world, apart from a human baby? Pretty little kitten, graceful, playful, with eyes full of wonder! So you love it a little, take good care of it, give it cream to drink and eventually bring it up to full grown cat-hood. In time your little darling grows into a battle-scarred veteran of backyard warfare, staying out all night, yowling, fighting and keeping the neighborhood awake. He is no longer cute. He is tough and dirty, and doesn't seem to care about keeping himself clean. He is a nuisance.

Now, the sarcastic tongue of a pretty girl makes me think of that cute little kitten. In girlhood it seems quite pert and snappy, but as time goes on it grows into something that is anything but lovely. For the qualities of mind that in the beginning express themselves as sarcasm are later expressed, especially in married life, in endless mocking, jeering and sneering. Soon this becomes so habitual that one hears nothing else. There

comes a time when no matter what you do, and no matter what you say, the reaction is always derision in some form.

In my own married life with Jane, the transition from plain sarcasm to these other forms of the same "brutal frankness" was, like the growth of the cute little kitten into the snarling, fighting tom-cat, a gradual one. I hardly realized just what was taking place, and I am sure that Jane was not conscious of it. In her own eyes there was never anything wrong with her conduct. There was always some way to justify anything she said.

If one protested, she would exclaim, "Well, that's the truth, isn't it?"

AND yet, with all her attempted justification of her cutting, stinging flings as being the truth, it gradually became clear to me that she actually had very little concern for the real truth. She simply lashed out in accordance with her feelings. Perhaps she thought that what she said was truth, or half-truth or a little bit truth. But of course it was really only her own interpretation, bitter or resentful, of whatever it happened to be. At any rate, she developed a positive genius for distortion. She would take any remark, or any situation, and twist it into an unfavorable light.

When, for instance, on one occasion I expressed the need for caution and care when driving the car, she leaped like a flash to the remark that I was always afraid. Then to make it a little stronger, she called me a coward.

If I should say that I would like to drive over to see my friend Walter B., on a Sunday afternoon, she would come back at me with the fling that it was not Walter that I wanted to see but that moon-faced vamp that he called his wife—with her dresses cut so indecently low and always posing for my benefit. And if I tell a funny story at dinner when we have guests, she never fails to put in, sarcastically, "Now, tell your other one, dear!"

If she happens to see me putting on my clean shirt and collar, as I do every morning, irrespective, she wants to know who I am prinking for. Presumably some tea party, chorus girl or widowed adventuress. She doesn't know that men have work to do. If business keeps me downtown late in the evening, there is always some crack about that.

THERE used to be times when my old affectionate impulses would assert themselves. Occasionally she would respond to this, almost purring like a pussy-cat, and indeed it was this element that kept us together in those early years. But most of the time, and more frequently as the years went on, she would turn upon me with apparent disgust and object to what she called my "pawing her." How she "hated to be pawed over."

Of course her characterization of my attentions was fully as offensive to me as my affection apparently was to her. And so there came a time when I no longer sought to annoy her in this way. I did not dare to touch her—and ultimately had little desire to do so. Of course the result of that, again, was that she misconstrued my inattentions to mean that I was finding some outlet for my affection elsewhere. This was the source of unending taunts and sneers upon that score.

But to make matters worse, in this particular respect, Jane applied the same derisive characterizations to any and all manifestations of my [Turn to page 108]

Seen Over Their Shoulders



LOUISE BROOKS is noted for her figure. She stands out among other beauties in a bevy of girls in the "Scandals."



HELEN BOLTON has scored a personal triumph in the musical comedy "My Girl," which made the Vanderbilt Theatre a lively place on crisp winter nights. She simply enjoys gazing at Broadway over her shoulder.



YVONNE GREY adds the charm of her personality to George White's "Scandals" this season, and increases the entertainment by means of her dancing.



PEGGY SHANNON'S beauty has carried her from the "Follies" to the more permanent fame of illustration.

I Wanted to Be a Lady

"Ha, ha! You,
Señorita—a
lady!"



*It Wasn't a Natural
Longing That Made Me Seek
The Great Hacienda.
It Was a Blood Red Ruby
—and a Book.*

AS I look back upon it all, there is no bitterness in my heart. I feel a great pity, rather—pity for the girl I was before it happened. Pity, too, for poor Joe Ellis and what he suffered, and pity for Juan Valencia alone in that beautiful, shadow-filled house of his in St. Augustine.

Life for me started in a little well-scrubbed flat over my father's Spanish restaurant near West Broadway, New York. My mother I hardly remember. She died when I was very young, and she always played an inconspicuous part under my father's sullen, domineering influence. My childhood birthdays stand out like little rounded milestones in my memory—especially the fifth. That was the first time I heard the name Valencia spoken with pride and was shown that to be a Valencia carried with it responsibilities greater than eating and sleeping and playing.

My grandfather had called me to him that morning while my father was down in the restaurant waiting on his patrons. He put aside his grim, forbidding silence and took me within the circle of his arm.

"Maria," he said, and young as I was something in the desperate sadness of his gaze frightened me, "we have named you Maria Valencia. It is not fit that you play in the street with the Murphys and the Finklesteins and the Klapetskis. Pretty soon you will be able to help your father below. Until then you must stay here with your grandfather—like a little lady."

Fascinated, I had watched him take a ring from his finger and tie it around my neck with a ribbon.

"This is the Valencia ruby," he had said queerly. "It is the color of blood and danger. Keep it safe, Chiquita. It may bring you luck."

From that moment I knew I was more than the

daughter of the owner of the "Cadiz Gardens." I knew I was a Valencia.

IT WAS on my sixteenth birthday, long after my grandfather's death, that my father gave me, handsomely bound in gold embossed leather, a "History of the Valencia Family in America"—Volumes I and III. Volume II had been missing. When I asked him where the second volume was, he had smiled sourly and told me not to look a gift horse in the face. My father was a violent man who did not stand much questioning.

But seeing the history of our family so beautifully bound and reading of its grandeur, I wondered and bothered myself over the inequality of life. Why should a certain young Juan Valencia be mentioned in those heavy tomes—and myself, also a Valencia, be ignored? Why should he be living in romantic elegance in the very house built by our common ancestor in 1738, while I was learning how to run a restaurant near West Broadway?

It was these questions, unanswered, that led me on through six dissatisfied, hard-working years—to my last night as owner and proprietress of "The Cadiz Gardens."

As if it were yesterday, I remember that night. All the warm Spanish blood in my veins throbbed as I sat on my high stool behind the cashier's desk and watched the storm raging outside. Wind, snow, sleet—they beat against the windows, dimming the glass, swirling through the dim street. Beside me in a pitcher were some red roses. I was conscious of a deep scorn as I touched the bright petals with my fingertips. Tomorrow, I told myself, I would be on my way to a land of roses—roses and birds and strange tropical trees. These flowers were Joe Ellis's parting gift—bah! Half-faded things, bought at the little florist on West Broadway under the elevated station. There was no sweetness or fragrance in them for me.

From the drawer in front of me I took out my handbag and looked inside. There it was—my ticket, a long

strip of pale green paper bearing the magic word "St. Augustine." That was going to be the key that would open up to me the realm of unanswered questions.

"So this is your last night, *Señorita*?"

A man thrust a limp dollar bill through the wicker. "I shall miss the Cadiz Gardens. And you," he added, gallantly.

"Many thanks, *Señor*. *Adios*."

"*Adios*, *Señorita*."

I watched him as he walked toward the door, turned up the collar of his coat and plunged out into the storm. He had been a regular patron of the Gardens ever since my father's day. And here he was walking out of the door beneath the swinging sign with "The Cadiz Gardens" on it—that tomorrow would be sold to any old junk man who wanted it—and out of my life. I sighed; and then I laughed as I said to myself that life would really begin for me tomorrow.

Only one patron remained. I looked suspiciously at him as he sat with his back toward me, slouched down in his chair, his head bent gloomily forward. An unlighted cigar, bitten raggedly at the end, lay for-

gotten on the edge of his plate with its untouched food.

It was Joe Ellis, waiting for a few last words with me alone, gloomy because he knew his words would affect me less than the weather reports in the evening paper. "Increasing Northerly Winds, with Snow." Well, I was going where winter winds and snow never came. And Joe Ellis's attentions—bah! I had nothing in my heart for the man but scorn. In my mind he was linked with the Murphys, and the Finklesteins, and the Klapetskis of my childhood.

Descending from my stool, I walked out into the room and turned off a gas jet. I hoped this would hurry Joe Ellis.

He saw me in the mirror beside him and gave a short laugh.

"I can take a hint, *Señorita*," he said. "I'm going."

Then he rose clumsily and came over to where I stood. His voice was harsh when he spoke again.

"I'm glad you're going," he said. "While you are



I was a Valencia. As good blood ran in my veins as did in his!

here I cannot keep away. Perhaps now that you are going, I can have some peace."

I made an impatient motion away from him. "I hope you can, my friend." Would he never go, I wondered, and let *me* have some peace? He and his burning eyes and his roses—I was sick to death of them.

"Will you start up a business down there?"

"No." I straightened. "Don't you understand? I have made money enough."

His face was as white as the snow that beat against the windows in large, furious flakes, and his voice was harsher than before.

"What will you do with yourself? Make some other man——"

"Some other man, always 'some other man!'" I interrupted him angrily. "Do you think I have nothing but men in my mind, Joe Ellis?"

Outside the storm raged, and a trolley car on West Broadway passed the corner clanging its bell noisily above the roar of the wind.

"What will you do without men, without a business?"

"I am a Valencia. I shall do what those other Valencias do—enjoy myself." I was very haughty that

night as I drew myself up to my full height and faced poor Joe Ellis there in the almost deserted restaurant. "I shall become a lady, Joe Ellis," I said.

He stared at me hungrily, looking like a forlorn famished dog deprived of the one bone in the world he wanted most.

"A lady!" He spat out the word as if he hated it. "A lady! Ha, ha! You, *Señorita*—a lady!"

THE waiters grouped together in the back part of the room shrugged their shoulders as they heard him. "Joe Ellis, he very angry when he laugh like that," they whispered. "The *Señorita*—she better look out." But I was not afraid. I walked over to the door and, with a jerk, pulled it open. The storm leaped in at me.

"Son of a pig!" I hissed, standing straight against the wind. "Get out of here. I have had enough from you!"

"And I from you." He laughed wildly. "A lady! *Adios, Lady Señorita*. I will have peace now."

Still laughing, he walked by me and out into the street.

Left alone, I put him from my mind. What place



"Will you allow me to look at it, *Señorita*? . . . I am superstitious about this ruby."



"This gentleman"—what a world of sarcasm I put into the word—"and I have finished our conversation."

had Joe Ellis in the mind of a Valencia? Tomorrow it would be as if he and the Cadiz Gardens together had never existed. I was going to the land of the Fountain of Youth, of Ponce de Leon, of that first Juan Valencia, Ponce's friend and grandee of Spain. The mirror before me showed my eyes soft, like rich brown velvet.

I smiled as I thought of St. Augustine. Narrow, paved streets, houses of cochina and gray and yellow stone, with overhanging balconies low above the street, and flower-filled courtyards—bougainvillea, Cherokee roses, jessamine, honeysuckle. And a Valencia returned to her own!

"The call of the blood," I murmured. "Maria Valencia, going home."

MY TRIP down, my arrival in St. Augustine, my impressions of the old city—all were as I had expected. I had engaged a room at a hotel built like a Spanish palace. And as I walked down the steps into the court where a fountain played, giving out cool ripples of sound, and where the stone flagging sparkled like jewels in the Florida sunlight, I felt that at last I had come into my own. Unconsciously, I looked down at the fingers of my right hand, on one of which glowed

the Valencia ruby; and unconsciously, I straightened.

In answer to my note, *Señor Juan Valencia*, mentioned in Volume III of the "History of the Valencia Family in America," had come to call and was waiting for me down below in the courtyard.

In my chic white dress from Fifth Avenue, I felt that never had the Cadiz Gardens been further away from me and never had my Spanish blood run more freely in my veins than at this moment. I saw him, a tall man waiting alone a few feet away. My head, with its masses of black hair under my broad-brimmed, slightly tilted white hat, lifted itself proudly. Was I not about to take my place among the Valencias?

Joe Ellis had laughed when I had called myself a lady. I wished he could see me now.

The tall man had risen and stood, hat in hand, waiting for me. His eyes met mine. I saw pride of race looking out at me, and my own pride surged up to answer it.

"*Señor Valencia?*" I murmured.

He bowed—a graceful bending of the body from the hips.

"*Señorita,*" he replied.

His voice was like delicately colored silk—soft, low in tone, impossible of discord, I felt [Turn to page 94].

A Long Odds' Gamble

*Here Are The Plain
Facts About
How a Newspaper
Man Battered
His Way to Happiness.*

Another Marriage Story

I AM a newspaper man—God pity their wives! I am rated as a very good newspaper man. That can mean only one thing—a nature that craves adventure. The clang of the fire-engine bell; the wild ride on a patrol-ambulance to answer an emergency call—perhaps a murder, or maybe just a frightened woman who “heard a noise”—they are wine and strong drink to me!

And my whole heart can be in my work only when I am on a morning paper, working at night.

What place has a wife in a life like that?

There is another reason why I was handicapped in the art of being a good husband. I was an only child, spoiled until I was twelve. Then my mother died. I grew up “downtown.” I was my own boss and had what I wanted even to working for it, if necessary. I was always careful, however, not to do anything that would hurt the heart of my father, for he was the best daddy a boy could want. I loved my dad and myself. You understand what I mean.

The year I met my wife, I was holding down a newspaper position in a small city. I hadn't been there long before I was working six nights a week and holding hands with the mayor's stenographer on Sunday nights. My city editor, and the best friend I ever had, used to laugh with me and at my love affairs as we sipped coffee in Tom's café in the early morning hours after the paper had been put to bed.

“Well,” he'd muse—and I knew he was in for some sarcastic, teasing remark—“you'll keep on until you find yourself married and wondering how it happened. Then the wedding bells will be remembered as the toll of your life sentence. You'll find yourself wishing to Heaven you were free again; and knowing well you'd die of lonesomeness if you were! A man's a fool to marry. Wish I had it all before me again, knowing what I do. I'd never marry. But how I love my wife!”

And don't think he didn't! I never saw a more devoted couple. But in Hal's breast waged the eternal conflict of heart against adventurous nature—his nature had led him six times around the world and into strange places. But his heart always won the battle—a faithful woman's love gave it strength.

I would reassure Hal I'd never marry. “No wedding knells for me,” I'd retort. “Besides, I wouldn't like rice down my coat collar.”

Then I met Flo. Saw her walking down the street one afternoon with three other girls. Two hours later



I had managed an introduction. Three days later I had told her of my love. Three weeks later we were engaged.

She was not of age, but I promised to wait and always be as near her as possible. That promise took me over four states, but I thank God today that it did!

FLO'S father is a traveling man—and believe me he and his family traveled. So did I. We finally reached the same city at the same time and I boldly obtained a room and board at the place where they were staying, despite the fact that her mother secretly opposed my suit. Like all mothers, she had visions of her daughter marrying “money and social position.” She laughed at a marriage based only on love. She believed it was proper to marry the man one loved, but to be careful and never love a man unless he was wealthy. I wasn't.

I had a position on an afternoon paper. Flo and I were together every evening. We had our meals together all the time. Because I had to go to work early each morning, she would rise before the others and come down to have breakfast with me. For eight months we lived under the same roof.

And those eight months were the |Turn to page 80|



"Upon my word!" burst sharply from Miss Woollen.

Here In Reno I **My Little** **Sweet-**

*Time Plays With
 Fate—And Often
 Changes It, As
 Jerry Learns In
 Part Two
 of the Story*

May I Come To You?

AFTER a very good supper at my little friend's tiny apartment, the three of us went to the best theater Reno afforded. Miss Woollen directed "Rachie" to the farthest of the three chairs, putting herself, with a maddening air of ownership, in the one next to me.

Now and then I peered across the large expanse of Miss Woollen and my heart warmed to that sweet, beaming little face, wistful even when it smiled. I felt as I had felt when I saw her first, that the girl had some sorrow which she was bearing. Hiding "a broken love affair," maybe, that she had come here to forget. If there was not something, why should she be here in Reno, alone except for her old school teacher?

At dinner Miss Woollen had spoken of Rachie's father, who was evidently alive and in very comfortable circumstances.

I don't think that my feeling about my little gypsy, as I loved to call her, was curiosity. I didn't want to find out any secrets she might have, but because I wasn't

very happy myself, I sympathized with her trouble, if she had one. I had the kind of longing a man does have to do something good for a dear little girl with a heartbroken face and the eyes of a hurt deer. God knows, the burden of my Reno divorce had not quite warped my sympathies for another's troubles.

I caught the stage back to Crystaltown. I found it nearly filled with my mates from the sawmill—who had been into Reno trying to squeeze a little fun out of life at the expense of their beauty sleep.

ON MONDAY morning Miss Woollen was back in time for school, and as supper that evening at Mrs. Myron's boarding house, she made no reference to Rachie. Perhaps in bravado, I brought up the subject myself.

"Miss Brown has a very pretty speaking voice," I said. "I'd like to hear her sing."

"I dare say she'll be pleased to have you do so some time or other if you come to see us again," replied the

Have Found Gypsy heart

As I bent down over her, she looked ecstatic --with a lovely, magic happiness too exquisite to last



lady. "She has one of those deep contraltos. I dislike them very much. It's as if a woman sang baritone! And Rachie hasn't had the advantage of such training as she could get in the East, of course."

Several days went on, as other days had gone, before I met the gypsy girl again. I had learned in Reno that she had obtained—through "influence," Miss Woollen had been careful to explain—a position as treasurer for a mining company. No doubt she was kept fairly busy, but her evenings must be free, and I wished she would come out to Crystal town once more. She didn't appear, however, and I wasn't asked by Miss Woollen to dine again with them at the apartment at the end of the week.

One evening I got especially desperate and jumped on the stage for Reno. As soon as I got there, I telephoned to Miss Brown at her apartment.

"This is Jerry Kirkwood," I said, delighted when I got her answering "Hello!"

"I'm in town for the evening. Would you have dinner with me and go to a movie or something? I'd be so glad if you would!"

"Why!" the girl answered as if surprised. "That's very kind of you. But I've had a little meal here alone, so I couldn't eat again. I'd love to give you something, though, if you cared to drop in. I'd join you in a cup of coffee, and then we could talk about the movie

whether to go or not," her voice came, sottly.

I said I wouldn't trouble her for food, as she wouldn't dine out. I'd get something to eat in a hurry and come round for the coffee.

AS THE girl opened the door of the flat for me, her little face lit up with pleasure, showing how small a thing was needed for her momentary happiness.

"This is fun!" she exclaimed. "Did Miss Woollen send you?"

"She did not," said I. "And she doesn't know that I've come! Not that she'd care a red cent; why should she? But I thought if you'd let me call, it would be just wonderful to hear you sing with that voice our good Miss Woollen doesn't like. I'm sure I *would*!"

Rachel Brown raised her eyebrows, which drooped down at the outer corners, like the big, soft eyes themselves.

"Is that the way you talk about her? Our good Miss Woollen?"

"Why not?" I laughed. "She is good, isn't she?"

"Of course. But—well, somehow—it sounds almost as if—you were making a tiny little bit of fun of her."

"Nothing of the kind," I said. "I wouldn't make fun of her for anything. It would be caddish and disloyal. Miss Woollen is very kind and intelligent, almost *too* intelligent sometimes at dinner, when a chap is fagged

and a ten-hour day of work. But she's not young, and I am—at least I feel so. And it's natural I should try for a chance at getting to know you without Miss Woollen sort of bossing the situation and taking charge of it. Isn't it?"

"Why, yes—it would be, perhaps. But—but I thought you—". The girl stopped, and bit her lip with those small teeth of hers that were as white and close set as kernels of young corn.

"You thought I what?"

"That you *admired* Miss Woollen—particularly."

"Good Lord, what do you mean? You can't have thought I was in *love* with the woman? I'm no boy, but she—why, she must be fifty if she's a day!"

IT DID seem strange to me. But—well, almost anything can happen, I suppose."

"That couldn't. What gave you the idea I had bats in the belfry?"

"To tell the truth, I'm afraid poor Miss Woollen believes—"

"She can't!" I exploded. "Did she say I'd made love to her? Because if she did it's a lie. Sorry! But that *would* come out!"

"She didn't say just those words. But the poor thing is so *happy*. It's making her young again."

"She's mustn't be happy on those lines," I said, "though she can be as young as she can make herself for all I care. But I'm afraid she's one of those elderly beauties who can't learn from their mirror that their day is over, and that any man who looks at them isn't in love. I don't flatter myself that she cares a snap of her finger for me, but I suppose even I am better than no one to a dame of that type, and anyhow—"

"Anyhow she'll be furious at you for coming to see me."

"Let her be! It's none of her business!"

"We've just taken this place together, and she can make life pretty disagreeable for me."

"I mustn't come and see you again, then?" I said. "That will be a disappointment to me. I should have liked to have you for a friend if you'd been willing. I'm a bit lonely here, and I thought possibly you might be too. I felt somehow as if we had things in common. But never mind. I won't be selfish. Rather than you should be hounded by a jealous old hen who wants you to have all the work while she has all the fun, I'll keep out of your way in the future."

RACHEL laughed her soft laugh. She never laughed loudly or suddenly. Even her mirth was gentle, almost apologetic.

"'Hounded by a hen' is good!" she chuckled.

I chuckled too. "Fine literary effort of mine! But I meant what I said. This one evening can't hurt, can it, now I'm here? And I'll be grateful if you'll let me stay awhile with you. All the same, you mustn't even do that if you don't want to."

"I do want to," the girl almost whispered. "I want to very much."

I caught at the admission. I felt more than ever, with something like a heart pang, that I needed this little friend to brighten my dark months of dull probation, and I wasn't going to give her up if she needed me a bit too!



She let me help cook our dinner, and we spent blissful, happy hours together unknown to Miss Woollen . . . I felt not the least guilty, though good, soft-hearted little Gypsy suffered a few pangs.



When I put her into the warm caboose, the picture of her remained in my mind, painted in soft browns.

"Why turn me down, then?" I pleaded my cause. "What harm does it do to Miss Woollen, if we two choose to be friends and see each other sometimes without being forever under her nose?"

"No harm," admitted Rachel.

"Well, now that we are friends, are you going to prove it by singing to me?"

She got up in that obedient, childlike way she had, and went from the table, where we had been drinking our

black coffee and smoking a few cheap cigarettes, to the piano.

"What shall I sing?" she asked.

"Do you know a song out of some musical comedy or other called 'My Little Gypsy Sweetheart'?"

"Oh, yes! I have it here. But it's not very *grand* music, you know."

"I don't want grand music. I want that!"

"All right; you shall have it, Captain."

"I must be Jerry for you, if we're going to be pals," I said.

"Jerry's a nice name. I'm Rachel for you—if you like. I'm tired of being in a strange place where to almost everyone I'm 'Miss Brown.'"

"There's something else I'd rather call you than Rachel," I informed her.

"Is there? What, I wonder?" [Turn to page 101]

Jim Hurd's Wife

*"A Fellow That's
Alone Has
to Have Something
to Love,
or He'll Go Crazy."*



IT WAS up in the Klondike that I fell in love with Jim Hurd's wife. Jim was a *chechako*, a pilgrim, a tenderfoot. And I—well, I was an old sourdough, who came to this part of the country in the spring of nineteen-four, and hadn't had brains enough to get outside since.

They say a fellow that's alone most of the time has to have something to love, or he'll go crazy. I don't know. It's funny that way—a fellow changes after he's been in the country awhile.

Now take Jim Hurd, for instance, he had to talk. Take the nights while we were sitting around the campfire, just before we'd turn in, when the coals would commence to pale and glow by turns, and the Northern Lights would get brighter and brighter—then was when Jim would talk.

At first I didn't pay much attention. I'd got so used to being alone that my ears weren't accustomed to

listening. They'd listen so long, and then, first thing I'd know, I'd be thinking about something else and not having any idea about what he was talking about.

Jim Hurd was unlucky. For two years I was partners with him and we hardly made grub—not even wages. As soon as we quit—

WELL, I'm coming to that. What I'm getting at now is the way Jim would talk around the campfires when we were in the open, and over the stove in the cabin when it'd be seventy-five below outside—the frost snapping and the axe so brittle you'd have to warm it up before you dared to strike a blow. At first he talked a lot. He talked about the things that wasn't on his mind, in order to keep from talking about the things that were.

It kept getting harder and harder for Jim to keep from really spilling what was on his mind. Then he got so he'd almost come right out with it. He'd open



"When the well-dressed man came along that night . . . I slipped back into the shadows and held my gun on him quite a spell."

Finally, I knew Jim Hurd was going to spill something that night. For instance, he sat for half an hour without saying a word. That was unusual. It showed that he was getting quieted down to things.

He began low and quiet like. Outside the air was splitting with the cold, and everything was deathly quiet—still and dark.

Jim Hurd was telling me about his wife.

I listened for a while, and then I began to get sort of warm and dreamy. Once he'd started, he just turned it all loose. I could hardly get him to bed that night.

After that it was

his mouth and lean forward, and his eye would kindle. And then, almost as he opened his mouth, he'd get control of himself and start talking as fast as a telegraph—talking about something that he wasn't really interested in.

I didn't know what it was that he was getting ready to spill, but I knew it'd come if I just give it a chance. Being up in the Klondike that way gives a man patience. He gets so he has unlimited faith in things working out all right, if he only gives 'em a chance. A man has to learn to wait in the long nights when there's a month or more you hardly see the sun, and everything's frozen up solid.

That's the trouble with outsiders, they can't wait. When they come inside they want to make their pile right then. They can't take the time to learn the country, they can't even educate themselves to the fact that gold-mining's hard work.

a regular thing. Every time we'd get sitting around the fire, Jim would sit quiet for awhile, and then he'd begin talking in a low voice—talking about his wife.

Most of the tenderfeet go through that stage. First they talk about gold, gold, gold, then they get to talking about women. When a man starts talking about women out there in the big open, you can tell pretty quick what there is to him. I've often wondered how much of a man's real character comes of his attitude toward women. Maybe it's the other way round—and the real men, the big men, have a sort of reverence that comes from their nature, while the flashy, shallow, little men have to look at women in their own warped, selfish way.

Anyhow, Jim Hurd never outgrew the stage of being lonesome and talking about his wife. He wasn't cut out for a prospector anyway. All he wanted gold for was to make his wife happy. He didn't care about gold for

the good times he'd have, nor for the things he could buy. All he wanted was to make his wife happy.

He'd known her ever since they were kids. They'd been sweethearts for three or four years before they were married. He'd made a little stake, but it had been so slow growing that they'd decided to take the stake and have Jim take a chance prospecting. Of all the fool decisions! Oh, well, we see lots of tragedies here in the gold-fields.

IN THE course of the winter I got to know Jim Hurd's wife pretty well. I knew her ways, her disposition, her moods, what she liked to eat—all about her.

She was a slender, clean-limbed girl; blue eyes that showed just a trace of shadow at times, thick, chestnut hair, and a creamy skin. She'd been the belle of the town before she married, and when she and Jim went into a restaurant in the city they attracted lots of attention. She was quite a dreamer, and when it began to get dark she'd always sit for awhile before putting the lights on. That little hour at twilight was a religion with her. She'd sit at the window, looking toward the west, just watching the light fade out of the sky. There she would sit until it got quite dark, then she'd turn on the lights, and there'd be tears in her eyes.

That was what worried Jim Hurd. Why did she cry a little bit when the light of the day faded out in the west? Jim didn't think she was unhappy. It wasn't that—he just didn't know what it was. He'd ask her and she'd just smile a bit, blink the tears away, start the phonograph and become as cheerful and light-hearted as a little girl. It'd always pass over that quick. But every night there'd be the sitting quiet in the dark, and then the tears.

I guess they're right in what they say about a man having to have something to love. As for me, I was just an old gold-grubber. I hadn't seen a real woman for years. My toes had been frost-bitten, and the cold had sort of tanned my skin 'way down deep.

I wasn't a ladies' man, not by a long ways—yet I fell in love with Jim Hurd's wife.

I never knew when I did it. It was one of those things that sort of grow. I got so I looked forward to the time when we'd have the dishes washed up, and Jim would sit around the fire and talk about his wife.

Of course, after awhile it got so that he didn't say anything new. It was the same thing over and over.

I got so that I knew everything about his courtship, all the little incidents—the first time he'd kissed her. Then the night under the big oak up on Sutter's Flat when she said she'd marry him; and the time they had the little spat over the red-headed girl that came to visit Sarah Jenkins. I knew it all.

I guess Jim must have known that I'd fallen in love with her. He never said much about that, but he must have seen. In fact, he was proud of it. Mind you, I'd never seen the lady. She might have known that Jim had a partner, might have even known what his name was, but that was all. She didn't know me, and I didn't know her—except through Jim.

Finally I got to know her better than Jim did. I began to understand her. I can't tell why it is, but there's something about being out close to nature the way we old prospectors are. We get to *feel* things. That's the way it was about Jim Hurd's wife. I began to understand her and to *feel* why it was she always sat quiet at dusk that way.

I couldn't tell



"He'd lean forward and his eyes would kindle—then Jim Hurd would start talking about his wife."

Jim, I can't tell you. It's something you can't put in words. Something about the light fading out in the heavens and the cold, dark world being left for a space to grope around in the blackness—yet, through it all, the feeling that the light in the heavens hasn't really gone. You're just standing in the

shadow, the shadow of the earth itself. Life is like that. After that I commenced to understand her a whole lot better, and lots faster. I never said anything to Jim. I just listened.

Jim was a hard luck kid. I found that out early in the game, but I stuck with him because I liked the long



"You see, she looked out at the light fading away in the heavens, because she loved Jim Hurd."

nights when he'd talk about his wife. To have split with Jim would have been to divorce me from his wife.

Finally, Jim found that the combination was a jinx. You can't go on dreaming about a woman and make a success in the game of piling up the cold, hard, yellow metal. You've got to think about ridges, faults and outcroppings.

Somebody must have told Jim that. He got thoughtful for awhile, and then one night he didn't talk about his wife at all.

It hurt me when Jim's feeling came between his wife and me. I didn't say anything. I just sat there and waited. When I realized he wasn't going to talk about her, I rolled in. That night I didn't sleep good. I was tossing and pitching about from one side of the bunk to the other. Then I got up and bundled up and went out into the night. The stars were winking down at me, and the snow fields stretched white and calm. After awhile I felt better.

I guess Jim didn't sleep at all. His eyes were all red and watery the next morning. I knew it'd come out pretty soon, and, sure enough, it did. Of course, Jim was right. Anybody could have told that.

We split up the blankets and drifted the same day. For a long time I couldn't get over that long wait at night—waiting to hear about Jim Hurd's wife. Then the country got me. It's like that up in the Klondike. Everything's big, unbelievably big. The spaces are so big, and so empty; the rivers, the days, the nights—everything's big. I got the gold itch. I drifted 'way back of the Tanana country, down below Circle City—they call it Circle City because she's supposed to be right on the Arctic Circle, but she's not; they missed it a bit.

THEN I struck it—struck it rich. I've seen lots of strikes, but that little country I opened up was the best I had ever seen—that is, for the individual miner. Maybe you saw in the papers about that last rush into the Tanana country and beyond. That was after the news of my strike got out. I kept it quiet for a long while, and, believe me, I'd made my little pile in virgin gold that I'd taken out myself. Also I sold a string of claims, and I still had a few left.

When I finally made the big clean up, signed over the title to the "Good-times Group" and stuck the money in the bank, I was through. I figured [Turn to page 118]

Our Favorite Film Folks

"The Funniest



By ROSEMARY DAVIES

THE story of Sam and Ike, told to me at a dinner party, struck me as being the most amusing I ever heard.

In the middle of the night, Ike telephoned to Sam, saying:

"O, my friend, my friend, I haf bad news, I have been so worried, I cannot sleep."

"What is, what is, who is dead?" asked Sam.

"It is me; I am almost dead. I cannot pay you the money you loaned me. I have not been able to sleep a wink all night."

"Why should you tell me that tonight?" answered Sam. "Now I can't sleep."

By WILL H. HAYS

ON MY last trip to the West Coast Studios, I had as traveling companion my good friend, Jim Connery. Jim got on the train at Chicago and had the drawing-room next to mine. He is one of the owners of the famous Edgewater Beach Hotel in his home town, on the roof of which is one of the most effective radio broadcasting stations in the world.



Among the luggage which the porter carried into Jim's drawing-room was an ordinary sized black suitcase. The colored boy set this down with our other bags and was standing gazing at them when suddenly a voice sounded.

"I-say-to-you."

The porter turned and said, "Yassir, Cap'n Connery?"

"I didn't say anything," replied Jim.

The puzzled boy turned away and again the voice sounded.

"I-tell-you—"

"Yassir, Mr. Haves?" said the porter. I told him I hadn't addressed him either. More puzzled than ever, he was bending over the bags when again the voice uttered the solemn words:

"I-say-to-you—"

The boy leaned over the black suitcase, caught two or three more words of the mysterious voice, straightened

up, and in about four jumps was at the other end of the car, the scarest darkey I ever saw.

"Well, it was worth while lugging that suitcase along," said Jim. "It's my newest set, tuned in on WEBB. Some bird is making a speech on the roof there."

* * *



By GEORGE O'BRIEN

AS A student at Santa Clara College, I thought that perhaps I might become a lawyer. Consequently, I had many acquaintances among men of the bar and more than the usual interest in legal affairs. The funniest story I ever heard came from a lawyer.

"Mr. Blank, bringing suit for divorce, named Mr. Jones co-respondent. In the hope of pinning Mr. Jones down to an admission, Mr. Blank addressed to him the following note:

"Dear Sir:

Knowing of your frequent meeting with my wife and understanding the situation thoroughly, I desire to have you call at the office of my lawyers, Pry, Skin, and Bluff, at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon.

"Mr. Jones received the note and summoned his stenographer.

"Take a letter to Mr. Blank, he directed.

"Dear Sir:

I will attend the convention mentioned in your circular letter of even date."

* * *

By ROBERT FRAZER

A NEGRO woman had a large family and when visited one day by a neighbor she was introducing the kids. She went down the line with George Washington, Alexander, Martha, and finally to little Opium.

"How come, you call that chil' Opium?" asked the neighbor.

"Well, you see, I ran out o' flames and I just opened the dictionary and come across the word Opium. It said 'opium comes from a wild poppy,' so I called him Opium 'cause his papa sho' is wild."



Tell Us— Story I Know”



By JETTA GOUDAL

A SCOTCHMAN and a Hebrew met at the first tee at a Long Island golf course. There were no other players teeing off at that time, so the Hebrew suggested that they play together.

"All right," said Sandy. "What do you play?"

"Oh, around 110 to 120," replied the other.

"That's about my game," rejoined the Scot. "How

about a little bet?"

After some discussion it was decided to play for five dollars a hole and the game went on. At its finish, a friend of the Hebrew met him walking to the clubhouse, and asked:

"Well, how did you come out?"

"We played for five dollars a hole and I won fifteen dollars," he replied.

"Only fifteen?" said his friend, surprised.

"Only fifteen?" said the player. "I think that's pretty good. Why, he played an eighty-four."

* * * *

By FRANCES
HOWARD

THIS conversation, which I overheard one day while visiting an army flying field, struck me as one of the funniest I had ever heard.

A buck private was berating a sergeant for his carelessness and lack of interest in money matters.

"You're a fool to go on testing these parachutes without getting flying pay," said the private. "One of these days one of the darn things will refuse to open and then look where you'll be, and no extra money either."

"Well, the parachutes are guaranteed, aren't they?" replied the sergeant, who day after day had been jumping out of aeroplanes at a height of three thousand feet. "If they don't work, the government can always get another free."



By CONWAY
TEARLE

MY DOCTOR told me the following story which I think will appeal to any girl player.

He said while playing a round of golf he was crossing the field with his small negro caddy, when the latter opened the conversation with:

"Doctor, ain't you got some shoes up yonder in yo' locker you don't want? I needs some bad."

"Maybe so," said the doctor. "What size do you wear?"

"I dunno, suh, 'cause I ain't never bought none dater-way—I either kin git in 'em, or I cain't."

* * * *



By D. W. GRIFFITH

I HAVE always enjoyed the story of the old negro walking along the country road, wind blowing, sleet and snow falling, hungry and miserable with aches and pains. All he asks of the world is some snug and warm place in which to die. He comes to a farm, creeps into the barn and burrows to a warm spot in the hay loft. His arrival excited the dogs, which arouse the farm hands, and they come with dogs,

pitch-forks, and guns. Beating through the hay until at last one found the negro, he yelled ferociously:

"Come out of there—I've got you!"

The old negro raised his head from out the hay as the farmhand yelled, "I've got you!" He shook his head desolately and said:

"Yes, you've got me—and a great git you've got."

* * * *

By FREDERICK HADDON

WHEN my brother was a young political reporter in Chicago, he remained over-time at a call on the daughter of an Irish ward boss. The old man, who was very averse to offending a newspaper man, called from above:

"Harry, me boy, the wake's down in the next block!"



Long Odds' Gamble

[Continued from page 69]

salvation of our marriage. We both learned the little peculiarities of the other, which when discovered after marriage, so often tend to disrupt a home.

I learned that her father and mother almost hated each other. They were always quarreling and Flo was oftentimes drawn into the rows on one side or the other. She had developed a sharp tongue. Her father had been unfaithful to her mother, and Flo knew it. Her mother was always talking of the "other women." And Flo, consequently, could think of no greater happiness than to marry a man who would be faithful to her.

I learned that Flo had to beg her father even for money to buy a paper of pins. He was not poor—just a Scotchman. And she had some of his Scotch blood in her, for it was Flo who made me open the first savings account I ever had, and who each pay day reminded me to put a certain portion of my salary in the savings. We went without many pleasures—she without candy and flowers—in order to keep that savings account growing.

During those eight months we planned our future, talked of the children we hoped to be ours someday, when we wanted

them, for we felt that children should not be brought into the world until they are wanted.

I told her everything in my past life. And I mean *everything*! I was not going to have any ghosts rising after we were married. I laid them before. She was sensible.

SOON after Flo became of age, I obtained a position half across the continent and we were married. No living in the same town with our in-laws for us. That savings account paid for a leisurely honeymoon trip to my new position and tided us over until my first pay day. We had two dollars and fifty-two cents in the family sock when the check came in. We started from that.

I opened a joint checking account. My duty was to make the money—Flo's was to look after it. She did! It wasn't long before we had furnished an attractive little home, paying cash for our furniture. My wife has good taste, a Scotchman's eye for bargains, and the patience to look everywhere before buying.

Our wardrobes came next. Flo is a genius at making her own dresses—she's one of the most attractively dressed young

matrons in the city, considering that I get a newspaperman's ordinary salary. And still our bank account grew. For the first time in her life Flo had money and didn't have to account for her expenditures.

BEFORE we were married we told each other what we expected in the other. Flo wanted faithfulness and devotion. I wanted faithfulness and devotion and a wife who would not keep my nose to the grindstone constantly making money for her to spend foolishly. We are satisfied.

We have our petty tilts—all families have 'em. They're as natural as measles among children. But I know the life Flo went through. It does not take us long to see the other's side of an argument; a little patience and the sun is shining again.

Don't think our married life has been a path of roses. It hasn't. Only by pulling together and knowing that each is carrying a full load have we been successful.

Are you contemplating matrimony? Try our simple foundation—stones of co-partnership, cemented with faith, trust and patience. It will work in any home. If it doesn't work in your case, you do not deserve to be married!



The boys have made all their own spending money.

MY HUSBAND and I have both come to the conclusion, after ten years of happy married life, that marriage is certainly an aid to success. But we make one prerequisite: if any marriage is an aid to success or if any happiness is to be gotten out of it, the couple must be mates. What I mean by that is, they must have similar likes and dislikes, tastes, ideals, habits, objectives, and a great overpowering love for each other, which is not only physical in nature but mental and spiritual as well. In other words, they both must move and have their being on the same plane, whatever that plane is. And the force which draws them together should be so strong that any hesitation in sealing the compact between their two souls should be only a matter of waiting a short time.

Too many young folks are just infatuated. If they ever come to ask the question of themselves, "Ought I marry him? or her?" they don't realize its significance. The question in the mind reveals

that the marriage will be a mistake. A good slogan in regard to marriage would be, "In case of doubt, don't do it."

MARRIAGE is often put on too materialistic a basis, I think. A woman wants a home; a man wants a housekeeper, or perhaps a mother for his motherless children; a girl is tired of working in an office and, seeing all the beautiful furniture in the stores, longs to have a cozy place to rest; some marry for wealth, for influential backing, for a place in society. Many girls of uncertain age marry because they fear the stigma placed on them by society if they should become "old maids." Also, I have known several girls who loved children and who married in order that they might have their heart's desire legitimately. But I have yet to see a really happy marriage that has any such sand to build upon.

Marriage is more than a legal contract between a male and a female. I think the Chicago Judge was right who declared, "I have never yet had to grant a divorce to

a couple who are truly married." And also have I believed the preacher friend of mine who said, "Whom God hath joined together no man can put asunder."

A marriage that is worthy of the name, and is not legalized adultery, goes deeper than the contract.

I MET my husband while we were in school together. Because of unhappy home relations and much poverty, I was late in getting to college; then I had to work my own way. When I met the man I loved I was some years older than he was. But we had not known each other two months before we discovered that life for each of us without the other would be unbearable.

It happened that our parents on both sides objected to our marriage. His folks had a "suitable wife" picked out for him, and I think my father and mother were just purely selfish in the matter, since I was the only child and the only tie between them. They [Turn to page 82]

*We Made
the Grade
On
Nothing
a Week*

A Wart On Your Nose

would not be noticed nearly as much as a frail, weak body. Yet, if you had a wart on your nose, you would worry yourself sick—you would pay most any price to get rid of it. But what about that body of yours? What are you doing to make people admire and respect you? Wake up! Come to your senses! Don't you realize what a strong, robust body means to you? It makes no difference whether it be in the business or social world—everybody admires the strong, robust fellow—but everyone despises the weakling.

I Will Transform You

I make weak men strong. That's my job. That's why they call me "The Muscle Builder." I never fail. A bold statement, but true. I don't care how weak you are, I can do the trick. The weaker you are, the more noticeable the results. I've been doing this for so many years, it's easy now. I know how.

In just thirty days, I'm going to put one full inch on those arms of yours. Yes, and two inches on your chest. But that's nothing. I've only started. Now comes the real work. I am going to broaden your shoulders and strengthen your back. I am going to deepen your chest so that every breath will literally penetrate every cell of your lungs, feeding them with rich life-giving oxygen. You will feel the thrill of life glowing throughout your entire system. I am going to tighten up those muscles in and around your heart, kidneys and stomach. I am going to shoot a quiver up your spine so that you will stretch out your big brawny arms and shout for bigger and harder tasks to do. Nothing will seem impossible.

Sounds good, doesn't it? You can bet your Sunday socks it's good. It's wonderful. And the best of it is, I don't just promise these things—I guarantee them. Do you doubt me? Come on then and make me prove it. That's what I like. Are you ready? Atta boy! Let's go.



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
The Muscle Builder

Author of "Muscle Building", "Science of Wrestling", "Here's Health," etc.

Send for my new 64-page book "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT" IT IS FREE

It contains forty-three full page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Many of these are leaders in their business professions today. I have not only given them a body to be proud of, but made them better doctors, lawyers, merchants, etc. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is ten cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 6002, 305 Broadway, New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 6002, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

I Have Found Out How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair At Once

Here's the Secret

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I tried every way to get rid of it—all the depilatories I had heard of, electrolysis, even a razor. I tried every advertised remedy, but all were disappointments.

I thought it was hopeless until there came to me the simple but truly wonderful method which has brought such great relief and joy to me and to other women that it really cannot be expressed in words.

My face is now not only perfectly free from superfluous hair but is as smooth and soft as a baby's, all by use of the simple method which I will gladly explain to any woman who will write to me.



This amazing method is different from anything you have ever used—not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, not a razor, not electricity. It will remove superfluous hair at once and will make the skin soft, smooth and beautifully attractive. Its use means an adorable appearance. And you face the brightest light—the most brilliant electric lamps—even the glare of sunlight joyously.

With this method, used according to the simple directions I will give you, your trouble with superfluous hair is over. You will never again appear with that ugly growth to disfigure your face.

So overjoyed was I with the results this method brought to me that I gave it my own name—Lanzette.

Send for Free Book

A book that tells just how this wonderful method gets rid of superfluous hair is free upon request. Don't send a penny—just a letter or post card. Address Annette Lanzette, 68 W. Washington St., Dept. 1191, Chicago, Illinois.

[Continued from page 80]

were getting old—much older than their years because of the constant friction between them.

We had absolutely nothing. As I look back I really marvel at our courage. Although I had taught in the grades a few years, I had spent every cent on my folks and on my brief stay in college. My husband's father had put him through school, but when it was discovered that he had married me, all hope of help from that source stopped. We were thrown on our own resources entirely. But we had our hearts full of love and hope and would not be discouraged.

My husband's first school was in a small town in southern Ohio. I wanted to teach also, but there was no opening in that vicinity and we could not think of being separated. I looked around for some sort of a job in that small village where my husband was the principal of the high school and made the magnificent sum of eighty dollars a month. At that time it seemed a very large sum to us. We were sure we would get rich quickly.

WE BOARDED and roomed at the one dingy hotel in the town. It was a pitiful place, with its smoke-soaked walls and stairway opening from the outside. We had a small stove in the room which smoked us out every time we lighted a fire in it. If we had not been so much in love with each other and ready to accept the world on any terms, I am sure we would have been miserable.

But love is not blind, as the saying goes; it has a much keener sight than any abnormal condition—it can see both through smoke and heavy clouds. It reaches far beyond everything that is present.

About this time my father became sick, back home, and since my parents had absolutely no savings, they called on me for help. I guess they appreciated then what a wonderful husband I had. My husband shared his hard-earned salary with the very ones who had shunned him. My father came out of that severe attack an invalid for the rest of his life. He could no longer work and my mother was kept busy waiting on him.

Our board and room at the hotel had been costing us fifty dollars a month, which was cheap enough, I suppose, but now we could not afford that much. I was desperate. Here I had become a burden to the man I loved and dragged in my folks besides.

I remember I went to the nearest large town one day and paced the streets trying to get something to do. I managed to sell a few doilies I had crocheted in my leisure hours, but the pittance I received for them would not pay for the trouble they caused me. But I could find no job. I felt almost obligated to help, although my dear husband bravely declared he wanted me to do nothing except be his inspiration. It was sweet of him but hardly practical.

ABOUT this time the wife of the Lutheran pastor in the town died. I wasted no time, but hurried to him and asked if we might keep house for him. He consented and we moved in rent-free for his board; he was to pay half of the household expenses, such as fuel and light. Then it was I felt I had an opportunity to show what I could do. But the first thing I attempted was, of course, impractical.

I hired a typewriter, at a small expense, and set to work writing short stories. I thought I was an expert, but although I sent story after story away to critical editors, I could sell nothing. In the meantime, I cooked and washed and ironed and kept the house.

In spite of this new arrangement, I dis-

covered that even rent-free, food and household expenses were costing practically as much as our board and room at the hotel. True, I had a well-furnished house to which the village ladies might come to call on me and talk about their neighbors, but out went the money just the same, with twenty-five dollars a month to my folks. We had nothing. How were we ever to get ahead? We both longed for a home of our own somewhere. My husband did not like his position in the high school there and determined to get another place if he could.

Looking ahead, at this rate, we saw ourselves living from hand to mouth just as my parents had done, with the exception that we were happy in spite of our poverty.

I had an idea one day at dinner, when the "Reverend" pushed back from the table and said:

"Mrs. L., you have too much to eat. I am positively getting a bay window. But I eat and eat for fear you will be insulted if I don't. I am afraid you will think I do not like your good cooking—but I would rather not. You really have too much."

The pastor was a German and was as efficient as he was frugal. I noted that of all the meat I prepared, he ate only the smallest bite and sometimes none at all if I did not insist. He ate vegetables and fruit, and seldom pie or cake—despite my efforts to be generous.

THE pastor's attitude set me to watching where our money went. I discovered that our greatest item in the budget was the food cost. If we ever meant to get ahead, I would have to cut down somehow. I scarcely knew where to begin, but I made a suggestion that we all quit drinking coffee and tea. To my surprise both the men assented.

Then I searched the cook books and magazines for suggestions for meatless dishes and I tried them without mentioning the fact to the pastor or my husband. They seemed not to notice the lack at all.

Once I got started at this saving scheme, there was no end to my plans. I took my savings for the first month on all these items and bought a quantity of groceries at a mail-order house. That put me ahead almost a month's groceries. I was so successful with my bread that I took a couple of loaves with me when I went on the Interurban to S—. There I took orders for homemade bread to be delivered the next week. I built up quite a little trade this way.

This was my beginning toward helping my husband. The next year we moved into a larger town and by this time I knew the saving scheme so well that I made every penny count. My husband, who had full confidence in my ability to help him, turned over the check book to me and I started in to buy a home; for we discovered we liked this town, which was close to Chicago, and my husband liked the school.

Food bought our home. It was by careful economizing in that one item alone that put us on our feet. Of course, in many ways I managed to bring in pin money for clothing for myself and my children. I have managed all my own work and have helped my husband in his. Last year we undertook an eight thousand dollar house, and this year we will have finished paying half of it.

All at once? No, indeed. Day by day, meal by meal, bite by bite. By careful management we know where we are. In all this time we have cared for my parents, raised our two boys, who make all their own spending money and have a savings account besides. There are no parasites

[Continued on page 84]



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The time is past when women have to be contented with meager earnings just because they are women. In almost every point of the map we have Marinello Shop Owners earning from \$3,000 to \$20,000 a year in a highly respected calling. More salaried positions are open for trained Marinello graduates than we can fill.

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When you buy creams for home use—buy only Marinello scientific creams, the kind used in all of our schools and the best beauty shops. Cost no more—their merit is proven. Sold at any department store, drug store or beauty shop.

**"Marinello Beauty Aids
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[Continued from page 82]

in our family, even if the children are nothing but "youngsters."

I do not know whether or not the struggle has drawn my husband and myself closer together, for I think we are and always have been *one* in everything. I believe that while some women are mothers first and wives second, I am one of the fortunate few who is first a wife and then a mother. We both dote on our children, but we are not sentimental about them. No child could ever take the place

in my heart that belongs solely to the only man in the world.

And so, my experience has been that a real marriage is an aid to success if you have the right idea about success. We are not wealthy nor do we ever expect to be. For we believe that if anything could ever ruin our lives it would certainly be a great fortune.

Life is good as long as you are working and striving and hoping. And isn't that success after all?

The Story He Told

[Continued from page 35]

The chief said nothing, just fussed with his bag-pipes. The water was breaking over the hull, but I stayed to listen.

"On our wedding night you came and played on our hearthstone, as a minstrel played on the hearthstone of the O'Haras at each wedding for seven hundred years. But you played 'Loch Lomond', Danny, and you played to my bride and not to me! You broke the last barrier she had put up against you with that song that her father loved. Let me talk! There is only a little longer!"

"Ah, mon, mon!" moaned the chief, and put his head in his hands.

"She loved you! You, Danny MacGuire, and I kept it from you for seventeen years! You gave her up without a fight because I was your friend and I wanted her! She took me to hurt you! I knew it, but I hoped that after . . . But no matter! That night I was to make her mine, you played to her, and I saw her eyes. You mind, Danny, I drank much.

"When you were gone, I accused her of loving you. She did not deny it, only stood there with the firelight making strange lights and stranger shadows on her face. Then I called her a name—she only turned her face deeper in the shadows. Passions as wild as the storm winds of Donegal swelled in me, and I flung her from my house.

"Go!" I shouted after her. 'Your lover is down the road!' And I cursed her and I cursed you and I cursed our marriage vows. And through the noise of my curses, I heard her voice.

"Tell him," she said, "that I love him! No! I will tell him myself!"

"Then she was gone, and I went back to drink and drink through the night, but the whisky was like water, and in the morning I sought her and found her under the cliffs of Cúreneagh, her clothing torn and her neck broken from the fall! I had driven her to her death!"

"But this is my sin, Danny MacGuire: I never told you that she loved you and that she died seeking you."

THE sea mounted the rail and swept against my knees, but I waited, wishing to hear the story out.

"I loved her so much! Even in death! Forgive me, Danny!"

"Ay!" said the chief, his head still in his hands. "That would be why ye drank so, an never had ye'r promotion. Ay, Kelly, I remember! For she came a-runnin', all sobbin' an' trippin' through the night to where I knelt prayin' in agony for peace. An' she kissed me, Kelly, she kissed me! The mists were risin', an' she were close to me—closer to me—an' then a part o' me! And I kissed her a-fore I thought!"

"Then I cried out, 'Tis wicked! I ha' coverted a mon's wife! I wull roast in brimstone in eternal hell!' An' right quick she cried me back, 'E'en hell were

heaven i' your arms, Danny MacGuire.'

"I am a Covenanter, and my father and his father before him. And the wickedness were overwhelming me, so that I cried out again, 'I wull kill masel', an' then I may nae covert ye, nor ye love me, and we wull be saved!"

"No!" she says. 'For I wa' follow ye! I canna help it, Danny!' she says, tears on the soft cheeks o' her. 'I'm wed to Kelly O'Hara, but I'm all lovin' of you. 'Tis wicked, sure! But I would follow you to love you!'

"Ay, mon! Ye'll remember she wa' of the Covenanters, too!"

"I couldna see her; only the soft sheen of her throat i' the murk! An' I bit ma han' so the skin broke, an' I struck ma face wi' ma fist, but I couldna go frae her.

"Ye must kill me, Danny!" she says. 'Then I may not be unfaithful, nor can ye covert me, and 'twill be two souls ye make.'

"I canna!" I says.

"Then I saw her white hands go oop ta' her throat—"

THE chief raised his face from his hands, and I could not look at him again until he was through.

"—an' she tore her dress, and I stud in the gloom and fought demons o' wickedness for her sake and your sake, an' for ma oon soul!"

"Ah, mon! As a pine shakes and bends and quivers to the wind, so she swayed there, barin' her breasts to me, an' I couldna move!"

"But she stopped, an' she tuk ma great hands in hers, and she raised them and she kissed them, and laid them on her naked breasts. An' then she put them on her throat.

"Kill ma body!" she cried out. 'Kill ma body, Danny MacGuire, that I love so, or kill ma soul and yer oon soul and Kelly O'Hara's!'

"So I killed her!"

"Then I carried her, that had been sac bicker an' bright but now lay sac cold, I carried her oop and oop to the top o' Cúreneagh and rolled her o'er. But first I kissed her—ye winna begrudge it, mon! Ye winna begrudge it? . . . An' then I walked back to the auld ship playin' ma peeps ta' 'Loch Lomond'."

"The watch, he put his head o'erside as I came aboard."

"MacGuire!" says he. 'Ye're daft drunk!'

"Ay," says I, 'daft drunk!' An' I went to ma bunk an' ne'er played 'Loch Lomond' again syne!"

"Danny," says the mate, "the water's high! Could you play 'Loch Lomond' to-night?"

A sweep of water hit me in the face. I splashed to the derrick mast and lashed myself to the top. And out of the suck and pound and swish below came the scream of a bag-pipe. But presently it stopped.

Thousands Have Banished Gray Hair with this Clean, Colorless Liquid

The Original Shade Quickly Returns



Is gray hair to become a thing of the past? Is the time coming when anyone can easily avoid the appearance of age which grayness brings? Thousands and thousands of men and women who have used the clean, colorless liquid known as Kolor-Bak would gladly answer "yes." These people have seen their hair change from gray to its original shade, surely and quickly. They have thus seen their youthful looks return. No wonder that many of them have written letter after letter in praise of Kolor-Bak. If everybody who is turning gray would do as these thousands of people have done—simply use this remarkable liquid—we would see very few gray heads anywhere.



Take Years from Your Appearance This Easy Way

It seems almost unbelievable that a liquid, having no color in itself, can cause the former shade to return to gray hair. However, we have the most convincing proof of the amazing properties of Kolor-Bak in the reports which have been coming for several years from people who freely relate their experiences with it. These reports form a flood of evidence that in Kolor-Bak we have found the way not only to get rid of grayness, but to give the hair the uniformity of shade so essential to a natural appearance.

To appear young is to have such a tremendous advantage in both social and business life that nobody wants to show even a trace of gray, and of course everyone wants to restore his or her "own shade." Ask the woman who has seen the triumph of younger looking rivals; ask the man who, prematurely gray, has been refused advancement or even employment because regarded as "too old"—ask them what grayness means, and you will realize the joy which this remarkable liquid brings to those to whom gray hair has come.

Scientists will tell you that hair becomes gray because through age, illness, shock or disease the tiny cells in the scalp, called follicles, whose business it is to supply the pigment or coloring matter to the hair, have become inactive. They no longer produce this pigment, and naturally the hair must suffer—it must turn gray.

But no matter what the cause of the grayness, it is amazing to see the results when Kolor-Bak is used. It is the most satisfactory substitute for the natural pigmentation. It makes no difference what the original shade was—

brown, black, red, blond—this clean, colorless liquid will restore it.

You not only see the former shade return, but you find also that the hair has not a "died look," nor does it appear streaked or faded. It takes on new "life," lustre and softness.

Used by Thousands

Kolor-Bak has proved its remarkable power for people of all ages and for hair of every color.

From everywhere come words like these:

"Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice even brown and dandruff all gone."

"It restored the natural shade to my hair."

"My hair began to return to its original shade in a few days."

"Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now same as in youth."

"My hair, which was all gray, is now a nice brown again."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

"Kolor-Bak restored the former shade

to my hair. It has also removed the dandruff from my little girl's head."

For Dandruff, Itching Scalp and Falling Hair

Not only does Kolor-Bak restore the original shade to the hair and give it the beauty it had in youth—it banishes dandruff and keeps the pores of the scalp from becoming clogged with scurf and scale. It stops falling of the hair and promotes a strong, healthy growth. It also brings comfort, not only by giving cleanliness, but by stopping itching of the scalp.

Kolor-Bak gives a cool, refreshing sensation to the scalp—makes it clean and makes it feel clean. It is not sticky, greasy, mussy or unpleasant to use. It is just a clean, colorless liquid

which contains ingredients known to be beneficial to hair and scalp. It is as easy to use as water.

Ask Your Dealer for Kolor-Bak

So popular is Kolor-Bak because of its merit that druggists and dealers in toilet supplies everywhere always have it in stock. You do not need to furnish a sample of your hair or to make tests to obtain a solution of the right strength. The one clean, colorless liquid is for any gray hair regardless of former shade. If it does not bring the desired result, your money will be instantly refunded.

My Hair Was Quite Gray

"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and becoming grayer. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared."

"Only a few applications of Kolor-Bak stopped the itching and dandruff. My hair soon stopped coming out. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is again its original shade. I look ten years younger. No wonder I'm so thankful for Kolor-Bak."

(A Typical Letter)

Kolor-Bak

Banishes Gray Hair

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I Made a Hit With Kit Kit Kitty
If I Stay Away Too Long From Carolin

Waltzes

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What Have I Done?

[Continued from page 39]

have a good time. When I left them I said:

"Phone Mother early in the morning and have her send me some daytime clothes, Babbles." Then I went on upstairs, to talk some more to Aunt Sue.

She wanted to know all about Brad, and I told her that he didn't have much money, but had a pretty good job, and that we were just going to live very simply. She said Uncle Dan owned some charming little houses in one of the suburbs, and that the next day she and I would go and look at them. If I liked them, we could have one the first year for nothing.

I was so thrilled over that, that about two o'clock, when I thought Brad would be home, I phoned him. He lived at the Country Club, in the bachelors' annex. But he wasn't in. I phoned him again at three, just to say good-night, but he wasn't in then, either. I couldn't help being a little bit worried. But I said good-night to him in my thoughts, and went to the window after I'd turned out the lights and blew him a kiss through the darkness.

MOTHER'S maid phoned me early in the morning, saying that I was to meet Mother at Madame Claire's, where she'd be having a Turkish bath and massage. Mother is very proud of her looks; she is very tall and has red hair, and would be lovely if she'd let herself. But she spends hours and hours at the beauty specialists', and then frets and fusses till she spoils all the good they do.

I went to Claire's at eleven.

Mother was lying in a long chair in the steam room, wrapped in a sheet. Mrs. Leland was lying beside her, all bound up too.

"I think it's scandalous, the way she got him," Mother was saying when I came in. "Sit down, Nina, I'll talk to you in a moment. Of course, everybody's known that she wanted to get married; she came out three years ago, and her people have done simply everything—but even with all their money, the men shied off. He never looked at her. Really, he paid my little Nina more attention than he did anyone else!"

"But he drove her home from Elizabeth Wayne's, and they had a breakdown or something—just didn't get home till morning—you know the sort of story! *Town Talk* will have it all over next week's issue, unless somebody buys the editor off. So, my dear, there was a scene when they did get home, their butler told mine. And the result was an elopement this morning. I drove into town, and was passing through the Corners just as they came out of the minister's house, and Marian rushed up to me and told the news. She was tickled to death, of course, but he didn't seem so pleased. However, her people have so much money that it will make up for everything. I think that was what he was after anyway, if you ask me—everybody knew that Brad hadn't a cent."

"What—what—" I stammered. My knees seemed to bend beneath me.

"Oh, the news about Bradley Thayer and Marian Lane. They were married this morning. Marian said they'd been engaged secretly for some time, but I don't believe that."

"She's fainting!" I heard the colored woman cry. The floor was rushing up at me, and an ocean of sound whirled in my ears. "Must be the air in this place."

I hated them when they revived me and brought me back to the world again.

Brad married to Marian Lane! I wouldn't believe it.

BUT it was true. That noon they were selling papers on the street that ran the news in headlines. The daughter of Clifford Lane was married at last!

Somehow I got home, but I couldn't stay there. I couldn't help thinking of what I'd been doing the night before, how I'd been praying for Brad and me, and thinking of him, and just worshipping him. I thought how I'd stood at the window and blown him a kiss, how I'd tried to reach him by phone. No wonder I couldn't—he was out, making love to another girl!

I felt as if I'd go mad.

I wanted to die. I went out to the stables and had them harness Jupiter for me, though the men protested and said I ought not to ride him. I already knew that! He was a vicious horse, hard to manage—a big, powerful brute; nobody but Daddy rode him. I'd never been allowed to, but I was riding him that day! I mounted and took him over to the fields behind the clubhouse, where the hurdles were. It would be easy to carry out my plans there.

People are hurt and killed in steeplechase races. I'd gone to a steeplechase myself, during the summer, and seen a horse go down at a barrier and break his neck and his rider's. I knew that I could manage it somehow.

I put him at the first hurdle. He went up to it fairly slowly, then, just as he was almost on top of it, he rose and went straight over. I sat him easily enough, gripping his sides tight with my knees, leaning forward, with both hands flat on his neck as he came down on the far side. It would have been fun under any other circumstances.

Around, and up to the second hurdle. We took it easily again. This would never do.

We went half-way around the field and came to the third one. Just as we got to it, as he rose in the air to take it, I jabbed him with my spur and jerked hard on the left rein, pulling his head sideways. He snorted, and plunged straight into the barrier. He gave a heart-breaking cry, as he went crashing to the earth, his front legs broken.

I cried then, too. I'd been thrown over his head, and not hurt at all. I just lay there sobbing. Jupiter with his legs broken—he'd have to be shot—and me all right. I hadn't been killed after all.

Then I heard a voice.

It was Don's, saying "Nina! Nina darling! Are you hurt?"

HE LIFTED me to my feet, felt my arms, and saw that I could stand. "Thank God, you're all right!" he cried.

I didn't say anything, because I was wishing I had been killed.

"Oh, Nina, I love you so," he went on. "Won't you marry me? I've always adored you; I guess you know that. You're just a youngster, of course, just a little girl—"

"You're not so old yourself," I cut in. I was beginning to feel hysterical. I wanted to laugh and cry all at once.

"I'm lots older than you are. Do marry me, Nina. I'll be good to you, and take care of you—"

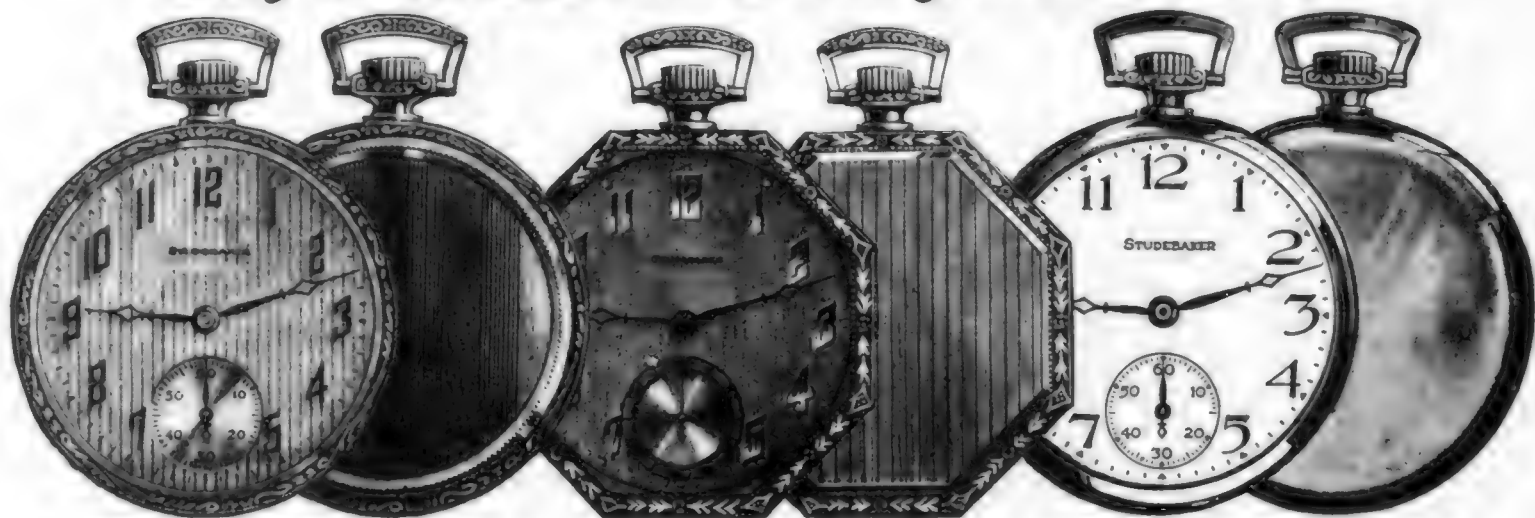
That last sentence struck me hard. I wanted somebody to take care of me I'd never really had anybody.

"I don't love you," I said.

"I'll teach you to," he answered. "Don't

[Continued on page 88]

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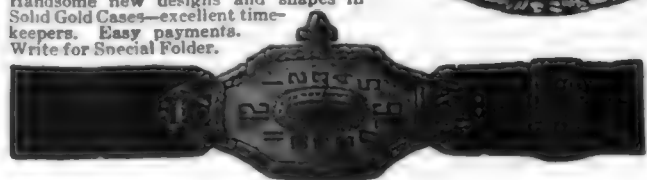
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[Continued from page 86]

you know that lots of people aren't really in love till after they're married?"

I remembered what Trix had told me. Maybe marriage did make all the difference in the world. I felt sure that I never could care about anyone else as I did about Brad, but I was more than willing to try.

AFTER that everything was like a dream. I was glad that Mother insisted on a huge church wedding. I couldn't have stood just a little one, where I'd have so much more chance to think. I had a big wedding party—six bridesmaids, two flower girls, a page, and a maid of honor. I'd been in a good many weddings, though I hadn't made my debut yet, and I felt like just one of the attendants.

It wasn't until I actually started up the church aisle that I came to myself. We were all standing in the back of the church, waiting to start, when I began to realize what was happening. The wedding march came pealing through the air—I felt that it must be filling the whole world. I was getting married—to the wrong man! I began to tremble so that I could hardly stand. Daddy looked down at me; his face is usually ruddy, but it was white as a sheet. Everything seemed so dreadfully solemn, all of a sudden.

Babbles, who was maid of honor, turned around and grinned at me.

"Buck up, Nina—everybody feels that way at the last minute," she said. She told me afterward that she thought I was going to faint. "Come on—the girls have started."

Somehow I made my feet move. But as I started up the aisle, and heard the rustling noise as everybody turned to look at me, I nearly fell. My long train seemed to drag me back, and my bouquet was like lead. I swayed against Daddy, and he held me up. I heard someone whisper, "What a beautiful bride!" It seemed to come from miles away, like a voice in a nightmare.

My eyes were full of tears, and I blinked to keep them back. But luckily my feet kept going, once I started them, and somehow we got to the altar.

During the prayer I got hold of myself, though. When we turned and went back down the aisle I managed to smile, and by the time that we reached home I was so gay that Mother protested.

THE reception was awfully jazzy. I was drunk on my own hysteria, I guess. We had supper at tables that were placed around the swimming pool, with Japanese lanterns hanging everywhere from tall, painted poles. When Tom Atwood dared me to swim across the pool, carrying one of the lanterns, I did it, wedding gown and all—minus only the train! He said that if I could keep the lantern lighted all the way across he'd give me a sapphire bracelet in addition to his other wedding present, and I did it.

I played the fool all evening, to keep myself from thinking it was a carnival, and I was the clown.

A yacht had been lent us for our honeymoon, and we went out to it that night. Donald and I were both very quiet. Neither of us had had anything to drink. If I hadn't been so wretched I'd have been very proud of Don for not taking anything.

I went straight to my own cabin and undressed. I had just slipped into a negligée, when he rapped on the door and spoke to me.

"Nina darling, may I come in?" he said.

At the sound of his voice panic seized me. The memory of Brad, of his arms around me and his lips on mine, was so

strong that I trembled. I belonged to Brad—how could I open my door to this other man?

I ran swiftly to the door and locked it. "Please go away, Don, I can't let you in," I called, as I stood there with my back to the door and my hands pressed hard against it.

"But, Nina—I—I'll go away and come back later."

"No. Go away and don't come back at all!"

He went, after trying again to persuade me to let him in. I was almost hysterical when at last I heard his footsteps retreating down the corridor.

I stood there and stared at all the lovely things that were scattered about the room—the beautiful, fitted bag, the exquisite lingerie and darling flasks of perfume and even the pumps I'd worn with my going-away suit, with their beautiful buckles that Daddy had tossed into my lap one afternoon, as a little extra present.

Lovely things for a bride; they taunted me, reminding me of the happiness that should have been mine.

I sat down and cried till it seemed to me that I'd never cry any more. It was hours later that I got up and unlocked the door and went to Donald's cabin.

I'd decided to have things out with him, to tell him that I just couldn't stand it to be married to him, and wasn't going to try.

BUT outside his door I stopped. I could hear him talking to the steward, and I knew in an instant what had happened. He'd been drinking lots. His voice had that dreadful, thick, blurry sound I knew so well. It was awfully loud, and he was raving and swearing at the man.

That was what I'd done to him. I turned and ran up on deck. The sun was just beginning to come up. There was a queer, unearthly look over everything. I stood there and stared out over the water. My wedding night was ending, like this!

I asked myself why this had happened to me, when other girls' lives turned out right. I'd never done anything wrong. I'd never flirted the way Babbles had. I'd been silly, but I hadn't been fast, or bad. I'd never been horrid or malicious, like Marian Lane—yet she had married Brad, the man I loved. It was all wrong.

And then, suddenly, I remembered what I'd said once, that I'd never be a quitter, no matter what life brought to me. Now here I was, quitting. I was whining, the way Mother did.

Right then I decided that I'd do the very best I could, no matter how much it hurt. After all, it was my own fault that I'd married Donald. Nobody had forced me to do it. It wouldn't be fair to make him suffer.

Marian mustn't cheat Don of happiness, as she cheated me.

I'd have to take the responsibility for Don, as I'd taken it for Daddy. After all, I wasn't going to be taken care of. I'd have to go on taking care of somebody else. For a moment it seemed too much to face. I remember standing there by the rail, tearing the little French flowers off one sleeve of my negligée and picking them to pieces and throwing them into the water. It would be so easy to throw myself in, as I was throwing them.

But I'd tried that once, and it hadn't worked. I wouldn't do it again. But no matter how hard life was, would I have to face it?

[To be Continued]

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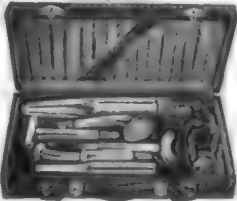
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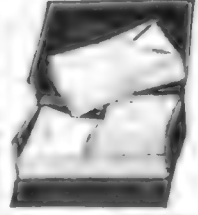
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She Was Some Woman!

[Continued from page 48]

one of those little minutes when she looked that way, because mostly, like I told you, she looked kind of plain.

Tommy kept his ship wing and wing with mine all the time. I had her aboard and he never took his eyes off her. Then we swung over the infield of the track and Tommy came over me with the ladder dragging into us and his wheels almost touching my head. She grabbed it and climbed into his ship again. Then I did a wing-over and a barrel roll, and went down in a tail spin, leaving them the air for the parachute jump which was the big stunt. This was the way we always worked it.

Well, I landed and sat in my machine looking up, and Holtz yelled through his megaphone about "A-viay-tor-r Dean and Madam-o-zell Mal-laie will now perform the hazardous doub-bul a-aerial loop!"

The band always stopped playing at this point, and it was always awful quiet except for the buzz of Tommy's motor way up there in the blue sky with all the crowd necking up.

Then Tommy pulled up into a slow loop, stalled at the top upside down, and out she fell like a stone.

It was a dickens of a sight—on the level, it was. Holtz always made it worse by screaming, "My God, she's falling!" Then the chute always flared open, and you could hear the people breathe, and the band would bust into the "Star Spangled Banner."

Mary'd come floating down with Tommy circling around her, and the show was over.

I remember that that afternoon Tommy was sweatier than usual around the eyes when he took his goggles off. He asked me for a cigarette as soon as he got out of the ship, which he didn't usually do. He was always sort of scornful about fliers needing a smoke as soon as they landed.

When they brought Mary around the track in a car, bowing and throwing kisses to the hicks in the stand, he took both hands to help her out. It seemed to me he made a half move, as if he wanted to put his arms around her. His face was different than usual, and for a second or so when he had her by the hand, I saw that same strange kind of beautiful look on hers.

THAT night, after Mary had gone to bed, he had Holtz and me come up to his room in the hotel. The three of us went over the dates we had booked ahead. He cancelled all but the best ones. He said we'd had a good season and made money, and he wasn't going to have us strain our luck and work our heads off on cheap barnstorming. It was almost fall now, and pretty near the close of the season—after we'd played the big State Fairs.

Well, I was sorry to see that he was getting jumpy. I knew that was what was the matter. And I was sorry, because I figured that what I'd said to him that afternoon was the reason. But at that we'd be wise to lay off a little. The toughest bird in the world gets pretty tired flying out of small fields in all kinds of weather, doing the stuff we were doing, and knowing that the crowds all the time were half hoping some of us would get killed. Isn't that what the crowd comes to see?

Well, we had a good date booked for Labor Day at a big fair they were having at Pine Falls. We got down there three days ahead and got the ships in fine shape. It was hotter than the

devil down there, and inside our big tent it was like a Turkish bath. Mary and Tommy went over to the lake every day for a swim. I went over one afternoon, too. You bet Mary made those hicks take notice when she did swan dives and back dives off a thirty-foot tower they had on the pier. It scared Tommy to watch her, but he didn't trust himself to say anything.

WE WERE to fly at four o'clock Labor Day afternoon. It was terribly hot. There were big white thunder clouds all around, but they looked tight, as if they had skins on 'em. You could tell it wasn't going to rain till away late in the evening. There wasn't a breath of wind. You could see the heat waves dancing on the roof of the grandstand and on the track like over the top of a stove. It meant rotten flying, with a lot of nasty bumpy air from the hot air currents and the cloud shadows. I'd rather fly in a snowstorm than in heat, anytime.

Well, they had their trotting races and their running races and flivver races. The bands played and the people went shrieking around on the "Ocean Wave" roller coaster, and the dizzy dips, and all that stuff. You could hear the barkers yelling—then it all stopped quiet while they announced us.

We took the planes across into the infield, and ran the engines a little. I took off first. Well, I got the rottenest bumping from that air that I ever had. They were mean kind of kicks and surges, so that the controls wouldn't answer. You'd yank the ailerons or the elevator, and the stick would just flop around loose in your hand, as if the control cables had busted. And it was hard air to climb in—I bet it took me five minutes to get up a thousand feet, where I did some loops and vertical banks and things.

Well, when I got through doing my stuff, I looked over the side and saw Tommy had already taken off. He was getting bumped around same as I was. I waited till he came up out of the warm air to where it was a little cooler and steadier. Then I dove over and flew along close to him. He shook his head and grinned and pointed down, and I knew he meant how rotten the air was. Even up where we were now it was pretty rough, and we didn't dare fly too close for fear we might bump into each other.

Well, we did some stuff together—loops side by side and so on—and then we went down to six hundred for Mary to do her wing walking. Just low enough so that the crowd could see her. We usually went lower, but today it was too rough. I remember her smiling over the edge of the cockpit at me as she rubbed resin into her gloves and shoes so's she wouldn't slip.

THEN she climbed out on to the wing and went to it. Every time the plane hit a bump or fell into a hole, I could see Tommy fighting the controls for all he was worth to keep the ship steady for fear Mary would get jolted off. And believe me, there was a couple of times when she had to stop her stuff for a minute and hang on with both hands. Then she'd laugh and wave to Tommy or maybe over at me, and start in her stunts again. Gee, but she was some woman!

Well, it came time for her to do the transfer. We were getting bumped around so bad that I hoped Tommy wouldn't let her try it. But he started to climb his ship up to smoother air and so I stuck along with him. We took a

[Continued on page 92]

Dutch Silver Plate FREE

Yes! When you order on free trial the superb set of dishes shown below, you will at the same time receive *free* this beautiful silver plated sandwich tray. The heavy standard silver plate has a delightful combination of both brilliant and dull finish and the rich old Dutch design is positively charming. You will be proud to use and display this perfect piece of workmanship on every possible occasion. And, remember, it comes *FREE* with the set of dishes!



112 Piece Windsor Design Dinner Set

With Warranted 18-karat Coin Gold Handles

\$1.00
DOWN

You will be amazed at the marvelous beauty—the royal richness—of these 18-karat coin gold handles. They put this exquisite Windsor Set in a class by itself. No wonder it is found in the most exclusive homes—among people of the most refined taste! No illustration can possibly do this superb set justice. You must see it! See its snowy-whiteness and its delicacy of design all so superbly set off by the lustrous gold handles! Furthermore, these dishes so perfectly combine the artistic with the practical—being so light in weight and yet so strong—and each piece has been selected with so much thought for the greatest possible utility—that every housewife will be delighted.

112 Piece Set—Consists of—

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 12 dinner plates, 9 1/2 in. | 1 sauce boat | 1 covered vegetable dish, |
| 12 fruit saucers, 6 1/4 in. | 1 meat platter, 13 1/4 in. | 2 pcs., with 18-karat |
| 12 coupe soup plates, 7 1/2 in. | 1 fancy pickle dish, 7 1/4 in. | coin gold handles |
| 12 cups with 18-karat coin | 1 cheese dish | 1 cake plate, 8 1/4 in. |
| gold handles. | 12 breakfast dishes, 7 1/2 in. | 1 meat platter, 10 1/4 in. |
| 12 saucers, to match | 12 bread and butter plates | 1 oblong olive dish |
| 1 cream pitcher with 18-k. | 6 1/4 in. | 1 jelly dish |
| coin gold handle. | 1 covered sugar bowl, 2 | 1 deep bowl, 6 1/2 in. |
| 1 oblong vegetable | pieces, with 18-karat | 1 salad bowl, 7 1/2 in. |
| dish, 7 1/4 in. | coin gold handles | 12 oatmeal dishes, 6 1/4 in. |

Order by No. A-241. Terms: \$1. with Order.
\$3.00 per Month. Total Price \$34.85

30 Days Free Trial Send Coupon TODAY!

We are so absolutely certain you will be delighted with this dinner set that, on receipt of only \$1.00, we gladly send it for thirty days' trial. We want you to see these dishes in your home—on the table—we want you to hear the admiring comment of your guests and realize what a tribute this set is to your good taste. Then we know you won't think of parting with it and will be only too glad to purchase it on small monthly payments. However, if you should decide, after 30 days' trial, not to keep the set, you may return it, with the tray, and your dollar, together with transportation both ways, will be refunded at once! Remember—the silver plated tray is *FREE*. But don't delay! Send the coupon *TODAY*!

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How long a resident

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Dinner Set described, together

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A-241, on thirty days' trial. If

satisfied I will pay the balance

at \$3 a month, for a total of

\$34.85. If not satisfied I

will return the Dinner Set

and Tray and you will re-

fund my dollar together

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"Another \$10 Raise!"

"THAT" makes the second increase in salary in a year, and I'm earning \$45 a week now. That's pretty good for a girl. It certainly was a lucky day for me when I decided to take up that I. C. S. course."

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The I. C. S. has a number of courses especially for women. Some I. C. S. women students are making as high as \$50, \$75, and \$100 a week as secretaries, artists, expert letter writers, pharmacists, assistants in chemical laboratories, high-priced executives, office managers, advertising writers, and in Civil Service and banking.

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A PERFECT LOOKING NOSE

Can Easily Be Yours

Trados Model No. 25

corrects now all ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently, and comfortably at home. It is the only safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Over 87,000 satisfied users. For years recommended by physicians. 16 years of experience in manufacturing Nose Shapers is at your service.

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Write for free booklet, which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose.

M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST
Dept. 2273 Binghamton, N. Y.

[Continued from page 90]

long, straight climb that brought us outside the fair grounds and over the town, and it was rows and rows of little bungalows, all exactly alike, with a little garage out behind them.

When we got high enough, we turned around and headed back, and Mary climbed down onto the running gear and let out the rope ladder. Of course, Tommy couldn't see her because his lower plane was in the way, but I waved at her and she nodded back. Then she slid off the axle and started down the ladder so's to be on the bottom rung ready to transfer to my plane when we got over the grandstand.

Well, I was watching her from maybe forty feet away, when all of a sudden I got a bump that threw me right into my safety belt, and half a second later Tommy's plane got it too. I don't know exactly how it happened. But it seems that when their ship got bumped, the ladder with Mary on it sort of whipped around. And Mary's left arm went right into the propeller. It hit her just above the elbow.

There she was, with her arm hanging limp and kind of twisted, and the whole side of her white suit getting red—and her clinging there dazed, not knowing exactly what had happened. I'll tell you I damned near went crazy hoping she wouldn't let go.

Tommy must have felt the jar when the prop hit her arm. I guess the blade must have split and vibrated, because he throttled his engine and started down on a flat glide. Well, he couldn't see what had happened, and he was leaning over one side, then the other, trying to see Mary. Then I saw him put his hand up to his goggles quick and wipe 'em off. I guess it was some of Mary's blood blown back on them by the propeller. He looked at his hand and held it toward me and waved it around, and I could see he was yelling and frantic—but, of course, I couldn't hear him on account of the motor.

I WAS trying to figure out some way to get close enough to catch Mary if she fainted, knowing all the time there wasn't a chance in a million to do it. And all this time we were getting lower and lower, because Tommy didn't dare open up his engine.

Well, finally Mary started groping up the ladder, using only one hand. Slowly, slowly, she crawled onto the bottom plane, and God knows how she ever did it. Tommy let go of the controls and leaned way out, grabbed her and finally dragged her up into the back seat.

All this time his ship was sagging, and diving down, because nobody was flying it. And I hung along as close as I dared. When he got her into the hind cockpit, he climbed forward and grabbed the control again. We were way down low over town and getting bumped around frightfully by the hot air.

It seemed a year before we got near that fair ground. Just as we were about to head down to land, a terrible thing happened.

Tommy's propeller broke, and before he could grab the switch and shut off the power, the engine raced itself loose and busted up out of the motor bed. A couple of pieces of the metal cowl tore off and flew back and caught in the wires. Well, I guess the gas line broke, or maybe the hind end of the engine stove in the tank—anyhow, in a second Tommy's ship was all ablaze in the front cockpit where he was. Well, for a second I felt sick and raving mad, because I was so close and could almost touch him and not able to do a thing.

He scrambled up out of the seat with

his hands over his mouth and his clothes all on fire, and he sprawled back over the cowl to where Mary was lying. I saw him sort of lift her up and snap the parachute hook into her harness and then drop her overboard out of the ship.

And all through the fuselage of his plane, the flames were roaring like a blow torch, and a trail of black smoke and bits of burning fabric fluttered behind.

Tommy climbed out on the left wing as far as he could, but the damned thing went into a tail spin and I guess he had breathed in some flames. Anyway, he must have known that he was through. There's hardly a chance with fire in the air. I followed him down as close as I could, and it was pretty near a straight dive, and suddenly we shot down past Mary swinging around on her parachute, and I thanked God she was safe. The jerk of the chute snapping open must have brought her to, because I saw her face in a flash as we went down past her, and, well—I guess she saw what was happening to Tommy.

TOMMY'S plane hit over by the edge of the infield. I couldn't bear to watch the last part of the fall. I knew he was gone. But I looked up and I saw Mary about three hundred feet up, and I remember there was a big patch of red on the chute from where she'd bled on it in the machine. I guess she'd seen Tommy crash into the ground, because just as I looked up she was reaching up into the shrouds with her one good hand and pulling them and swaying the chute with her body.

I turned sick when I saw what she was trying to do. In a second or so, she folded up one side of it clear under, and it all lost its shape and folded up like a rag. She came falling straight down.

As she went by me with that big silk chute streaming straight up behind her, I couldn't see the blood on it anymore. It looked all white and exactly like a bride's veil. My God! It was terrible and beautiful at the same time.

Well, I was in kind of a daze and there were people rushing all over the field like ants. Tommy's plane was blazing so's nobody could get near it, and there was such a crowd all over that I couldn't land. But I was pretty near crazy. So I took a chance and landed in the back stretch of the track, and I guess I busted a tree or something, because I remember an awful crash. I guess I must have jumped out before the crash because I was running across the field. I was beating it toward that big feather of black smoke floating straight up.

I fought my way through the crowd, and got in to where they were. They had fallen within a few feet of each other, and for a half a second I saw them. I was just covering my face with my hands, when that Ferris wheel fellow I'd had the fight with at Clyde City came running up. We just held on to each other and cried like babies.

Then some State Police came galloping up, and Holtz, the manager, came and put me in an ambulance. I remember wondering what was stabbing me in the lungs every time I breathed.

After that I don't remember much for a week. Pretty soon I went to visit my mother and rested up most of the winter. Finally I got so I could sleep again, and yesterday I came back down here.

The only thing is, when I take this job, I don't want to do any installation work on the planes at the field. I want to stay in the factory, because—well, maybe you kind of understand how I feel.



Just the only kind of batted hair that is really becoming is the thin, straggly, straight kind. McGowan's Hair-grower will make your "bob" thick and fluffy in 30 days—no money back!



Every woman wants curly, fluffy hair like this. No woman need worry if her "bob" is unbecoming, for she can easily make it beautiful with this new discovery.



If you want to grow your bobbed hair "back to normal," McGowan's Hair-grower will cut the usual time in half.

Marvelous New Discovery

will thicken your hair and make it stylishly fluffy in 30 days—or quickly grow it "back to normal"

If you don't like your bobbed hair—if you are beginning to tire of it—if you're sorry you ever cut it off—most likely it's because your hair is not as thick and "fluffy" as it should be. Without a doubt bobbed hair is becoming to most girls and women—and it will be to you if you make your hair fluff out, as fashion and good taste demand.

You can do it, too! A marvelous new discovery has now made it possible to thicken and curl bobbed hair in a remarkably short time, making it much softer, richer and lovelier than ever before. This good news isn't limited to "bobbed heads," either. It's for all women who want gloriously beautiful hair, whether long or short. It's also for those women who want to grow their hair "back to normal" as quickly as possible.

After the very first treatment, when you begin to spray your hair and massage your scalp with McGowan's Hair-grower, you will see and feel new "life," new vitality in your scalp and hair. Before you have finished the first bottle the difference will be apparent. Your "bob" will soon become thick and fluffy, and much more becoming than you ever dreamed it could be. And if you have a "bob" to lengthen, you will find your hair extending down your back in an unbelievably short time.

These results are guaranteed. I want that understood. For it is only on such a guarantee that I can show my unbounded faith in this remarkable discovery.

Science Responds to Fashion's Decree

Now that Paris has definitely decreed that long hair is the thing, every woman must follow one of two courses—she must either grow her hair back to normal as quickly as possible, or she must have thick, fluffy bobbed hair. The new millinery is now being made in larger head sizes, and the girl or woman with thin, straggly

bobbed hair is going to find it hard to get properly fitted.

Luckily for womankind, Science has come forward with this amazing new discovery that will help them out of the dilemma—for McGowan's Hair-grower will promote rich, fluffy growth and either thicken and beautify your "bob" if you want to continue wearing it short—or quickly lengthen it if you want to follow Paris' decree.

McGowan's Hair-grower which is rich in both Nitrogen and Oxygen is the most powerful hair growing product Science has ever known. As you know, oxygen in the air and nitrogen in the sunshine are the two elements absolutely necessary to the nourishment of all growing things. And the average human scalp gets far too little of these precious elements in these days of tight fitting hats and humid indoor atmosphere.

In addition to thickening the hair, McGowan's Hair-grower rids the scalp promptly of all dandruff, fluffs out dead and listless hair, and gives to it wondrous light and sheen. And it is so easy to apply—just 5 minutes a day at bedtime.

No matter how thin your hair may be—no matter how "straggly" or hopeless—I guarantee that McGowan's Hair-grower will make it grow twice as fast, rid the scalp of dandruff and give new life to your hair.

Sent Fresh from Laboratory

The vital elements in this remarkable fluid evaporate rapidly, and to be efficient McGowan's Hair-grower should be used when it is fresh. That is why I will not sell it in drug or department stores. Because of the perishable nature of its growth-producing properties I insist that you get only the freshly compounded product—put up daily under my personal supervision and mailed direct to you.

At first, we contemplated selling McGowan's Hair-grower at \$10 a bottle—for it seemed easily worth that to any woman to make her hair stylishly thick and fluffy, or to save four or five months in getting her hair growth back to normal. But that price would restrict my discovery to a very limited market. As McGowan's Hair-grower is the greatest achievement of my laboratories, I am anxious for it to become universally known and used. So I have decided to retail the first 10,000 bottles at only enough to pay the cost of production, handling and advertising—which I have figured down to just \$2.47 per bottle, plus a few cents postage.

Send No Money—Just Sign the Coupon

Whether your hair is bobbed or long; if you want to control its length and add to its splendor; if you want to make the most of Woman's Crowning Glory by developing your hair to its most glorious possibilities—don't delay another minute. There is no formality for you to go through. I do not even ask that you send any money. Just fill out and mail the coupon. In a few days the postman will bring your bottle—and then simply pay him my special laboratory price of \$2.47, plus a few cents postage. Don't put it off. Mail the coupon today!

M. J. McGowan, Chief Chemist

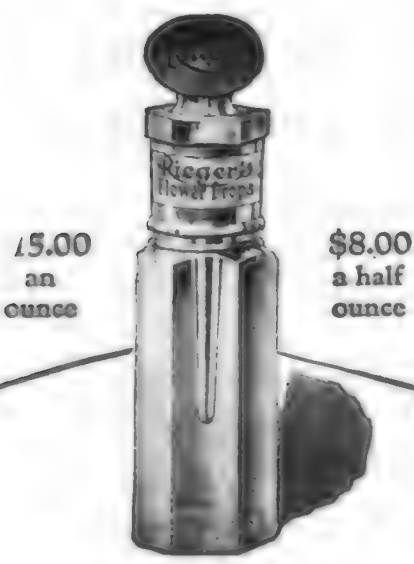
The McGowan Laboratories
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 14, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove to me, at your expense, that McGowan's Hair-grower will make my hair thick and fluffy, free my scalp from dandruff and give new life to my hair. Please send me a bottle at once. I will pay the postman \$2.47 (plus postage) when it arrives. It is understood that the full amount will be refunded if I am not delighted with the results in every way.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

NOTE: If you are likely to be out when the postman comes you may remit \$2.60 and your bottle of McGowan's Hair-grower will be sent postpaid.



The Most Precious Perfume in the World

RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage. The regular price is \$15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

Sample 20c

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume! Send Now.

Rieger's Perfumes—at all Drug and Dept. Stores
If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to address below

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| Paul Rieger's Flower Drops | Special Souvenir Box |
| Full size bottle with long glass stopper, containing 30 drops—30 weeks' supply; Lilac, Crabapple . . . \$1.50 | Attractive special box containing five 25c bottles of five different Rieger Perfumes, \$1.00 |
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You will be charmed by the indescribable fragrance of this new creation. Perfume—\$1.00 per oz.; Toilet Water—4 oz. \$1.00; Face Powder—\$1.00; Soap—40c. Send 20c for generous trial bottle of this delightful new perfume.

Crème of Violets A wonderful New Greaseless Cream For beautiful, velvet-smooth, white hands. Nothing to equal it after shaving—leaves skin smooth and cool. Large tube—50c.

Send Coupon Now

Paul Rieger & Co. (Since 1872)
173 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

Enclosed find \$_____ for which send me the following:
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☐ Sample bottle, 20c ☐ Full size bottle, \$_____

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Honolulu Bouquet

☐ Perfume, 1 oz. bottle . . . \$1.00
☐ Perfume, Trial bottle . . . 20c
☐ Toilet Water, 4 oz. bottle . . \$1.00
☐ Face Powder, \$1.00 ☐ Soap, 40c

Name _____
Address _____

Send stamps, currency, money order or check
Remember, if not pleased your money refunded

I Wanted To Be a Lady

[Continued from page 68]

a thrill pass through me when I heard it and realized that all this charm and distinction belonged, in a way, to myself.

I tried to speak quietly, to make my own voice charming.

"It was kind of you to come so soon. I have wanted for so long to make the acquaintance of someone of my own name that I fear I was—importunate."

Importunate—a nice word, I thought proudly. I had heard a woman in the dining room use it only that very morning and I had remembered it and looked it up in the dictionary. But when I met the somewhat mocking stare of my caller, I wished I had not used it. It seemed to amuse him. I had no wish to be a laughing stock.

"Importunate? Perish the thought. I am a very lonely person, *Señorita*. Had I realized that the world owed me such a delightful—cr—" He paused, regarding me steadily. "What relationship do you think I can claim? Your note left me in doubt."

I motioned him to a chair and took one opposite him, tilting my head against its wicker back.

"I was in hopes you could help me there," I murmured. "My father was John Valencia. His father changed the Juan to John. He was very proud of the name, *Señor*, and taught me to be. But he never talked about things—he was a very quiet man."

Quiet! John Valencia had been a sullen, secretive parent, turning off my questions with "Let well enough alone. You'll have a comfortable income from the Gardens after I'm gone. And the ruby. That is yours." Well, God rest his soul, he was gone. The income was mine, the jewel was mine, and now—

"Ah!" Juan Valencia's silky voice broke in on my thoughts. There was something in the exclamation that brought my eyes up, quickly alert.

He was looking at the Valencia ruby, gleaming red against the whiteness of my hand as it lay on the chair.

"There is nothing quiet about that jewel, *Señorita*, is there? It speaks volumes—volumes of family history."

He leaned closer, smiling; and formality slipped from him.

"May I?" he asked, lifting my fingers so as to examine the stone.

THE touch of his fingers made me think of a steel trap. In spite of the smoothness and the lightness of his grasp, there was something ruthless in the way it closed on mine. Or was it in the expression of his eyes, I wondered. I couldn't quite make out; but a premonition, like a warning, crept over me, and quickly I drew away my hand.

"It was given me by my grandfather," I said, with the dignity I had learned behind my desk at the "Cadiz Gardens."

"Your pardon, *Señorita*. I meant no disrespect." He gave a deprecatory shrug of his shoulders. "I have always heard of this ruby. It has a history, you know, all mixed up with Ferdinand of Spain and a beautiful lady of his court who afterwards married my—our—ancestor, and so brought the ring into the family. Do not be angry with me, Cousin—?"

"Maria," I answered.

I told myself I was stupid to be so distrustful. This was not West Broadway and the man beside me did not sell shoes in a department store like Joe Ellis, who had to be put in his place continually. This was St. Augustine, and the gentleman a distinguished man of the world

and, as he had just implied, a cousin of some distant degree.

"Ah, yes. Cousin Maria," he murmured, his eyes gently ironical. "And you want me to help you find yourself on the family tree. Is that it?"

"That is it, Cousin—?"

"Juan."

"Cousin Juan."

Was the expression on his face one of admiration, I wondered. I, who was so well versed in men's admiration, was in doubt. But—bah! Why try to find here what was so unpleasantly evident in men like Joe Ellis, for instance. I must learn to be a woman of the world, I told myself; of the Valencia world.

"I do not go out much," murmured Juan Valencia, following some train of thought of his own. "When I come home to St. Augustine, it is to rest. I read. I see a few friends. I sit in my garden—and eat lotus."

I smiled, noncommittingly. If he was making fun of me and "lotus eating" had a catch in it, I was not going to give myself away.

"Then when I have had enough, I go off again."

"Off?" I asked.

"Yes. Madrid, Paris, Monte Carlo. Ah, Monte Carlo, that is the best of them all. You know it, Cousin Maria?"

I shook my head. Something like envy stabbed me—envy for all the people who could speak thus casually of those far distant, mysterious, and romantic places.

IT'S just as well for your peace of mind, perhaps," he broke in. I thought his handsome face held a rather wistful look just then. One cannot stay there without gambling. And that is apt to destroy one's peace of mind."

As if stirred by some secret thought, his eyes suddenly became dark and sparkling. "But I love it. Never tire of it—not even when I have had luck, which, confidentially, *Señorita*, is most all the time."

He loved gambling! In my mind's eye I saw him, white-faced, smiling, tense—playing. That winter in New York I had seen a play where the hero gambled for forty-eight hours straight—losing, winning, losing again—but always smiling. That is the way Juan Valencia would do it, I thought to myself.

"Will you come and see my house?"

He called me back to his presence, smiling.

"Most certainly."

"Today is Wednesday," he said. "Shall we say Friday—at four? My housekeeper makes an impeccable chaperon."

"Perhaps we may find something in my library that will throw light on your branch of the family tree, Cousin Maria," he continued. "In any event, I will call for you. At four?"

I nodded, with dignity. "At four, *Señor*. With pleasure."

As he walked off, I saw him lift his hat to a beautiful and beautifully gowned woman entering the court from the street beyond. Again, I felt that little stab of envy in my heart. That woman—how naturally she received his bow, returned it, and passed on. I felt sure there would be no ironical gleam in Juan Valencia's face when he talked to that woman. Did I, then, bear the marks of West Broadway so plainly? I was a Valencia. As good blood ran in my veins as did in his. Why should I be treated with any less respect than the woman who had just passed by.

The orchestra began playing once more.

[Continued on page 96]



Yesterday--Commonplace Today--a Beauty!

Only a difference of pores—enlarged or invisible. Think of this new "freezy" cream that does what ice does in contracting the pores, but so much more gently, swiftly and daintily

Those of us who really *want* beautiful skins, *have* them. It is simply a matter of caring enough and of helping instead of fighting nature. Nature gave every one of us a soft, clear, lovely skin with pores so fine as to be almost invisible—and meant us to keep it.

And then the parching sun came up, and the wind blew, and the dust swirled—and one night as we looked in the mirror, we found not the satin-like complexion of yesterday, but the first unmistakable signs of waning beauty.

With cleansing and softening creams we labored arduously at restoration. And we enjoyed the benefits of good creams in helping to cleanse and replenish the oil cells of the skin.

But the task is not finished—the pores have not usually been closed. And if we go forth with relaxed pores we simply invite the dust and germs to work new damage to our complexions.

Then we wonder why we have large pores.

But some of us who really *want* beautiful skins and *have* them, have taken care to close the pores to their natural fineness before going out into the air and before powdering.

Many of us use ice every morning to contract the pores—others use cold water. Both are effective to a certain degree, but such treatment is troublesome, inconvenient and harsh to tender skins.

Now a new and better way— Princess Pat Ice Astringent

Instead of ice, fastidious women are now using a smooth, snowy cream which gently chills the distended pores back to their normal fineness, stimulating the tiny capillaries to renewed action and reviving the natural glowing color.

The sensation is one of pure delight—a cool, refreshing thrill. And the effect on your skin is instant—the firm, youthful, velvety texture that nature meant you to have.

Different from all other face creams, Princess Pat Ice Astringent does *not* take their place—it supplements them. It completes the task which the nourishing cream has left unfinished—contracts the open pores. It is applied while your accustomed cream still remains on your skin. Then both are gently wiped off together.

And how wonderfully your powder adheres! Too, you may powder without the slightest fear of its entering the pores.

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.

95

Beauty Hints by "The Princess"

My night treatment

Cleanse the skin thoroughly with a soft, solvent cleansing cream. Remove with soft cloth. Feed the pores generously with nourishing cream, gently manipulating with finger tips. Let sleep do the rest. I suggest Princess Pat Cleanser and Princess Pat Cream for this night treatment.



My morning treatment

Awaken the skin with cool, not cold, water. Dry the face. Now just a light coat of nourishing cream, again gently manipulating, always with upward and outward strokes. Now your ice astringent right on top of the nourishing cream. Then wipe off both together.



My final touch

I find dry tint most natural—Princess Pat English Tint. Apply in the shape of a V, the point toward the nose, leaving a clear space in front of the ear. For waterproof effect, apply before powdering. I use an almond base powder—both soothing and beautifying.

Free

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[Continued from page 94]

The little tables in the loggia were crowded now with gay, careless people in white. The sound of their laughter reached me alone in my chair by the fountain, and I felt suddenly very forlorn in spite of my Fifth Avenue clothes and my Valencia ruby. I rose and made my way up the steps into the hotel, through the hall, past the empty ballroom, through another room, and so into the library where no sound penetrated and where laughter and music alike were shut out.

As I picked up at random a magazine from the table, I murmured to myself—"Until Friday, at four."

The time dragged by heavily enough; but finally the hour when Juan Valencia was to call for me arrived. Again I waited in the court by the fountain, a red rose pinned into the flowing lines of my dress.

I could recognize the sounds of the city now. When a deep bell rang out I knew it was the clock in the tower of the old cathedral on the corner of St. George Street chiming out half-past three. I knew by heart how it all looked—the age-old walls mellowed by sunlight rising straight from the street with its happy, leisurely crowds. They told me that in summer you could fire a cannon from one end of St. George Street to the other, never hitting a soul. But there were people enough out there now, walking lazily along the brick pavements, sitting on benches under the trees listening to the music in the Plaza, enjoying life and ignoring time as if it didn't exist.

Four o'clock. That meant nothing to them. To me it meant everything. All my life had been but a preparation for this moment, I told myself.

ALL of a sudden I thought of Joe Ellis. And the thought of him seemed to cast a shadow over the day. Why should I think of him, when in less than a half hour I should be walking through the streets with Juan Valencia, my cousin, beside me? I would make no blunders today to rouse that look of mockery in his eyes. I would cause him to be charming, courtly, deferential.

"Señorita!"
Good God in Heaven, whose voice was that?

"Señorita, I had to come. There was no peace for me anywhere."

Joe Ellis—wind, snow, sleet—the Cadiz Gardens. Would I never be free from them?

I looked up, my eyes flashing angrily into the dog-like devotion of his. His expression, though not as wild as when I had last seen him, held still that faithful-unto-death look that maddened me. Pst! What a thing to call himself a man!

"I had to come, Señorita," he repeated stubbornly.

"So!" I regarded him with hot scorn. "And what becomes of your fine job in the shoe department, Joe Ellis. Is New York going barefooted while you take a vacation? Or is it that you are planning to become a—gentleman?" He had laughed at me for the word "lady." Well, I muttered to myself, I would show him!

"Señorita." He made a rough, pleading gesture with his hands. "Have you nothing in your heart for me—but that?"

I ignored the hurt in his eyes and tapped the flagging impatiently with one white slipper. Any minute now Juan Valencia might arrive. Would this unwelcome reminder of West Broadway never go?

"I am no longer in the department store," his voice continued. "I gave up my job there."

"So!" Was he made of wood, I asked

myself impatiently, that he would not go?

"I had saved up money, too, Señorita. I bought the Cadiz Gardens. It—it opens up for business again when I go back."

Joe Ellis and the Gardens! Well, a fine mess he would make of it. In my mind's eye I saw it again with its tables along the walls, the high stool behind the cashier's desk. Who would sit there night after night, taking in dollar bills through the little wicket?

"What do you know about running a restaurant? The patrons, will they come regularly to see you behind the desk?" I asked him.

A FIRM footstep sounded on the flagging behind me, but I did not hear it. For one blind moment the past had claimed me. I think my eyes must have been a little bloodshot as they flashed into the hurt ones of Joe Ellis.

"Will they say to you, 'Good evening, Señor.' All day long I have been looking forward to seeing you. You look like a queen sitting up on that high stool of yours." I ask you now—will they say that to you?"

He shuffled his feet unhappily. He was as much out of place in that cool, fountain-sprayed courtyard as a chestnut burr in a bed of orchids.

"It will not be the same without you, Señorita. I thought perhaps you might be tired of this down here, and—"

"You talk like a simpleton, Joe Ellis." I was very angry. I wanted him to go and he would not. "This is where I belong. Am I not a Valencia?"

I remember now the horror that swept over me as I looked beyond Joe Ellis and saw Juan Valencia waiting, hat in hand.

How I hated Joe at that moment. I felt that he had betrayed me and made a fool of me before this cousin of mine. I could not speak, for anger.

"Cousin Maria," Señor Valencia bowed—again that graceful bending from his supple waist. "I trust that I do not intrude?"

"No, Señor. Far from it." I wanted to marshal up my charm, my self-control. "This gentleman"—what a world of scorn I put into the word—"and I have finished our conversation. I am quite ready to leave."

"Ah!" Juan Valencia transferred his glance from me to Joe Ellis, who was hiding his wounds behind a sullen silence. "Ah," he murmured again softly, "quite so."

"What did you say the gentleman's name was?" he asked me then.

"It does not matter. Let us be going."

I, who thought myself a lady, brushed by Joe Ellis as if he did not exist. What was Joe's name to Juan Valencia, I asked myself. Why did he stop now to speak to him? Across my shoulder I could see him standing with one hand on the dusty sleeve of Joe's old serge suit, talking to him as if nothing divided the Ellis's and the Valencias of this world.

He was funny, I thought, this Juan Valencia.

Another minute and he was beside me. We walked toward the broad, palm-bordered steps that led down into the street.

"Señor Ellis seems a very nice man," he said to me. "I asked him to call upon me."

I looked up at him in unfeigned amazement.

"Are you not rather hard on him?" he asked. He must have read my amazement on my face.

I shrugged my shoulders: and we walked on in silence.

[Continued on page 98]

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ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

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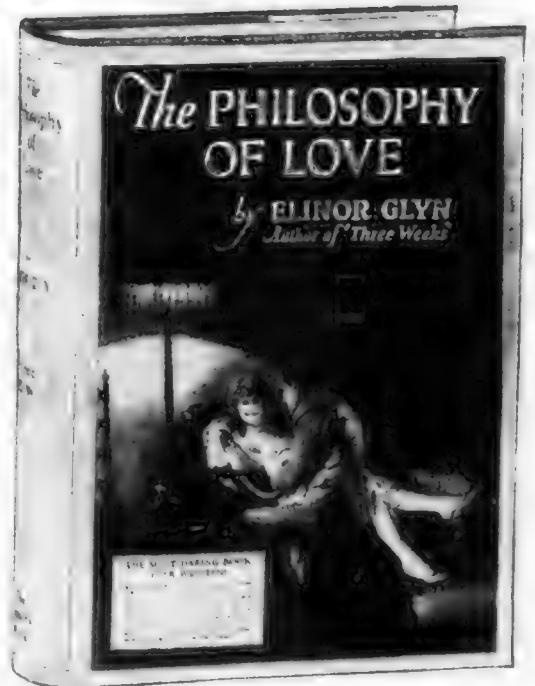
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| —how to hold a woman's affection. | —must all men be either "dubs" or devils? |
| —how to keep a husband home nights. | —how to increase your desirability in a man's eye. |
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For
Children
Also

[Continued from page 96]

Down Cordova Street, around the corner, past the Plaza with its benches under the trees and its gayly playing band. I can see it all this minute as plainly as if I were once again passing by with Juan Valencia beside me. The old Spanish post-office, deep cream-color behind its screen of palms—the old slave market—and the street that ran parallel with the Bay where the yachts at anchor looked misty-white against the blue of the water.

I remember thinking that view of the Bay the most beautiful sight I had ever seen. I stole a look at the man beside me to see if he shared my appreciation. But—no. I sighed as I realized this was all part of his everyday life. He had never lived under the roar of the elevated railroad in a dark New York street.

"Here we are." His voice called me back from the bitterness of my memories.

The low gray walls of a house rose up straight from the street just as they had been built two hundred years before—cool, with their suggestion of cloistered gardens, of high narrow rooms, of old world atmosphere.

Juan Valencia turned the brass knob of the door and opened it, standing aside for me to enter.

My heart beat so fast in the quiet of that old hallway that I was ashamed, fearful that he would hear it.

Another doorway, standing wide open, led into a vine-green patio with gardens beyond. There was color and fragrance running riot. It was a new world to me.

THIS way, if you please—the library." He motioned with one long slender hand toward a room at the right and, with a slight bow of apology, led the way into it. "I have chosen this room for our—our little visit, because—" He indicated the portrait-hung walls above the low bookcases. "All Valencias, *Señorita*. They may interest you."

"Ancestors, *Señor*?"

"Mine—all of them," he answered softly. "Ours," I amended, with a proud lift of my head. Some two hundred years ago, I told myself, all this had belonged as much to me as to Juan Valencia.

He pushed forward a chair and remained standing while I sank into it.

"That lady, there," he continued, "was named Maria Valencia." He pointed to a portrait which looked directly down at me. Hair of a deep, rich gold, pansy-blue eyes, a dress of white satin embroidered in pearls, a lace mantilla over it, and a hand escaping from a huge puffed sleeve held at the breast and gleaming softer than the satin it touched—that was the portrait of that first Maria Valencia.

"But golden hair—" I wondered, breathlessly. It was a shock to me, somehow, to find that that former Maria did not have hair like my own—black, with blue shadows in its depths.

"She was Castilian," smiled Juan Valencia.

Then he bent closer and spoke in a low tone. "Look—on her hand, *Señorita*. She wears the ruby. Do you see?"

There it was, the same ring that glowed, blood-red, on my own finger.

"Our lucky stone," he murmured. "Will you allow me to look at it, *Señorita*? It may bring me luck, just to hold it in my palm. I am superstitious about this ruby."

I know now that my answering laugh was a note too gay and too loud in the pervading quietness of that old room. "Look at it, hold it, *Señor* Cousin," I cried. "If it gives you luck, I am more than glad."

He took it from me. I noticed with amazement that his fingers trembled as

they closed around the ring. What a queer man he was, I thought to myself. For a moment I felt almost superior to him, more a person of the world than he.

"It's because he gambles, that he acts that way," I murmured inwardly. "It makes people superstitious."

Low, mellow, sonorous—the doorbell rang through the house. The sound of it reminded me of the cathedral chimes, as I had heard them as I waited in the hotel courtyard.

"Ah," sighed Juan Valencia, still gazing hypnotized at the jewel in his hand, "if you will pardon me, I will answer that bell. My housekeeper is in the back part of the house."

Without waiting for my reply, he left the room—his fingers tight around the Valencia ring.

I could hear the door open and shut and then footsteps—the *Señor* Valencia's quick ones and the slow, heavier tread of another man. They passed through the hall behind me and out into the cool patio, dying away in the distance.

I felt very alone in the big, quiet house of my ancestors. There was so much about it, and about Juan Valencia, that I did not understand. And not to understand, I thought, was like being an alien—in a strange land instead of a Valencia returning to her own.

Nervously, I ran my eyes over the books on the shelves. Scott, Dickens, "History of the World" by H. G. Wells, James Branch Cabell, Strachey's "Queen Victoria." *Sapristi*, I thought, what a dull lot of books! Then something caught my attention; and hastily I rose and bent down to look closer.

"History of the Valencia Family in America." The same books that my father had given me on my sixteenth birthday. Here, then, I told myself, I would find the answer to the problem that had bothered me all these years. I would learn, now, why I had stayed in the Cadiz Gardens while Juan Valencia—

Then, with a sharp intake of breath, I saw that Volume II was missing. A blank space broke the continuous line of books where it had been removed.

I laughed, shakily. How this chapter of the family—the chapter that in sequence of events should include my grandfather, my father, and myself—eluded me! I remember wishing that Juan Valencia would come back. Perhaps when I had my ruby on my finger again I would have better luck!

I glanced at the clock on the carved mantle. Quarter before five. He was keeping me a long time while he chatted with his latest visitor.

Impatient, I went back to my chair again and gazed around at the picture-hung walls once more. How many golden-haired Valencias there had been. Well, my hair was black, in spite of it. What was it Joe Ellis had said about my hair? Poor, silly Joe Ellis. For the first time, a little twinge of regret passed through me as I realized how angry I had been with poor Joe.

At last I heard footsteps coming toward me. I was relieved. The unbroken silence of the place had begun to play on my nerves.

WHEN I looked around, however, it was not Juan Valencia who stood in the doorway, but an elderly woman in stiff black silk. The housekeeper—I remembered then that he had spoken about his housekeeper.

"Mr. Valencia—" how queer that "Mr." sounded to me—"asked me to give Madam these. Madam—that sounded funny, too.

With a discreet rustle of her black silk,

the woman advanced and laid beside me on the table a book and a square white envelope sealed and addressed to "The Señorita." A thrill of excitement shot through me when I saw that the book was the missing Volume II of the "History of the Valencia Family in America."

Some premonition, however, told me to take up the envelope first. The ink was damp, freshly and hurriedly blotted. I was thinking how queer it all was when the housekeeper spoke again.

"My name is Simpson," she said respectfully from the threshold. "If Madam desires anything, I will be within calling."

I nodded, shortly. And as her skirts rustled away down the hall, I tore open the letter.

"Señorita Maria:

From the first moment I saw it gleaming on your finger, I meant to take the ruby. In a more subtle, less direct way, perhaps, but still to take it. The luck of the Valencias must return to its own . . ."

To take the ruby! My surprise was so genuine that for a moment it blinded me. Why, he must be mad, I muttered. Had not my grandfather, with his own hands, given the ring to me? He had gone out of the room with it in his hand, but to steal it—Juan Valencia, a thief—

I let the letter, half read, drop to the floor.

"Simpson, Simpson!" I called, wildly, jumping to my feet.

My voice sounded discordant in the noiseless house.

"Simpson!"

THE soft, unhurried rustle of black silk answered, then Simpson stood in the doorway. "Yes, Madam."

"Señor Valencia—where is he? I must see him at once."

"He has gone out, Madam."

"Gone out?" Even to my own ears, my voice was hardly recognizable.

"Yes, Madam. He said he would not be back until dinner-time and that I was to stay within calling in case you should want me."

"I will wait."

Wait! I laughed harshly to myself. I would wait until the walls rotted if need be. What did the man think I was—a fool?

I think that my dress must have looked like a white flame piercing the cool shadows of the room, as excitedly I paced up and down.

"Does Madam desire anything else?"

"No—go," I answered the woman angrily. "I want to be alone."

"The other gentleman—"

"Go, I tell you. Can't you go?"

"Yes, Madam."

Did he think I was so simple, so impressed with his grand manner that I would let him walk off with my ruby that way? The room around me, the portrait-hung walls, the half-read paper at my feet, all were blurred as if a hot film of some sort were passing before my eyes.

"Pst!" I picked up the letter again, forcing myself to read on:

"I should not send you the volume herewith, with its marked paragraphs on Page 96, if I had not seen you and heard you talking to that honest young man who is so very much in love with you. I have no wish to be cruel, Señorita. But perhaps in being cruel, I am doing a kindness, after all. If I had let you dream on, you would never have awakened to what I, in my loneliness, consider life's greatest compensation.

I go out, to leave you alone with

She Came Back to Town On a Magazine Cover!

Gertrude Follis Left Home an Ugly Duckling. Now New York Artists Pay to Paint Her Likeness and Her New Beauty Was Won in Three Months



Departing an 'Ugly Duckling'

"EVEN MY dear old Dad used to say my looks would never take a prize. My brothers frankly called me homely. No girl in Kingston had wished harder for beauty—or had tried any harder to win it. But that was back in Kingston, N. Y., when my features, face, and skin, and even my hair looked hopeless. Today, illustrators who are supposed to be authorities on beauty tell me—well, they ask me for sittings and pay well for them.

"For the encouragement it ought to be to others I will relate the whole story of how plain Me—an 'Ugly duckling'—became a model for magazine covers.

"When I first came to New York City to take a position I was too busy to give much time or thought to 'beautifying.' Besides all my efforts in the past had gained me nothing. Complexion treatments? I had tried a score; and my pores had grown steadily coarser. I used to do everything anyone would advise for wrinkles—and the wrinkles stayed. I knew loads of people who had had success with things for the hair—but none seemed to give my sparse locks any health or sparkle.

"But I soon saw that beauty counted in a large publishing office quite as much as at parties or dances. Within a year my employers filled three secretarial positions with women I knew were scarcely as well equipped as I—except in looks! Then I concluded I would make myself attractive in appearance if it took every dollar I earned. My first thought was beauty parlors, but a fortunate circumstance put a vastly better beauty plan in my own hands. I met a girl who told me of a woman who had devoted years to working out a regular beauty science. She worked on skin structure instead of on the surface; she did nothing to wrinkles themselves but changed the facial contours and the wrinkled condition disappeared. Her method with hair was to revitalize it—and so on.

"I was elated even with the first week of my newly found beauty plan. I never have seen its originator to this day. She does not see anyone; just advises and directs hundreds who seek her direct methods of cultivating natural beauty. I wrote her, got her instructions, did as directed, and in a few weeks the altered glances of friends and associates confirmed what my mirror told me. I no longer needed to feel sensitive about my appearance! Then came the day Greiner, the artist, asked how I would like to sit for a 'head' on a magazine cover.

"I could scarcely wait for the Saturday when the picture of me would be published. When the magazine did appear, can you blame me for mailing several copies to my home town

and marking the covers 'This is me.' I knew they would doubt that the portrait was mine—or else accuse the artist of using a vivid imagination. So I made my old home a visit. Wouldn't you have done the same? And I gloated some, too, as folks were forced to admit that the face on the cover was Gertrude Follis. My 'new' face has since been used for many illustrations. But I'll never feel prouder or be more thrilled than that day at the station when my father hesitated as I emerged from the train—came forward and stammered, 'As I live, it's true!'"

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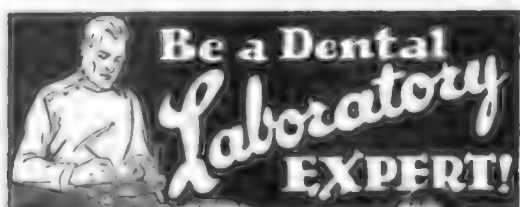
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your awakening and your compensation.

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Juan Valencia."

My thoughts like bad dreams raced through my mind, urged on by the fierceness of my perplexity. Even as I picked up the book and turned to the page, I kept saying to myself, "Juan Valencia—a thief? Impossible!"

A long black pencil marked the paragraphs on Page 96. To this day I cannot see a heavy black line without shuddering. To have all one's pride, all one's illusions swept aside by a pencil line!

"To old Juan Valencia gambling was as the breath of life. An incident occurred in his seventieth year which best illustrates this."

This did not refer to my grandfather, I realized, but to Juan's. How many Juan Valencias had there been, I wondered, impatiently.

"A servant of his, a Spaniard from Seville, repaid the old man's many kindnesses by running off and taking with him some money and the Valencia ruby—the lucky stone of the family (See Vol. I, chapter 22). The younger brother, Ferdinand Valencia, was all for having the thief tracked down and brought to justice. But old Juan argued that the ruby would someday find its way back, unaided. They discussed the matter long into the night. Then Juan suggested that they play for the thief's liberty—if he lost, the rogue should be found and the ruby go to Ferdinand; if he won, the man was to go free and his brother pay him the sum of two hundred dollars, which he needed badly. Luck was with Juan..."

The room swam around me; but again I forced myself to read on.

"Several years afterwards, it was discovered that the thief was living in New York and under the name of Valencia. But remembering that he had won the man's freedom along with Ferdinand's two hundred dollars. Juan gave orders to let him alone.

So far as is known, the ruby has not justified old Juan's faith in it and is still glowing on alien fingers. A thief's descendants..."

"No. No—no!" I threw the book from me, face downwards on the floor. It was a lie.

I could not sit still. Furiously, I paced up and down the long room, beating my hands together like castanets. The little flat above the restaurant, my grim old grandfather with his periods of morose silence, that day he had tied the ruby around my neck, the books with Volume II missing and my father's sour smile when I had wondered. The Cadiz Gardens, the noise of the elevated as it passed the corner, myself—wondering why I was there instead of here in St. Augustine...

Cruel! I laughed, harshly. Juan Valencia had not wanted to be cruel, but he had told me this thing.

TREMBLING. I dropped back into my chair. I was limp, like a white, burned-out ash. My name then—it wasn't

Valencia. I was no more a Valencia than Simpson, the housekeeper.

I didn't care, at that moment, about the ruby. I wouldn't have touched it, not for all the saints in Heaven, because I knew that it was not Juan who was a thief, but my own forefather.

I must leave the house, I told myself, before I died of shame.

"Señorita!"

Passionately hurt beyond the power of my reasoning, I rose and turned. Joe Ellis stood before me.

"So!" All the bitterness and humiliation of a lifetime sounded in my voice. "You have come to laugh at me, eh, Joe Ellis? To laugh at me for having thought I could become a lady! Well, that is kind of you!"

"There is no laugh left in me, Señorita. No pride, either. You have kicked that in the dust. Back there at the hotel, he told me to follow you here—that you might need me. I have been waiting outside in the garden."

He made an eloquent, ungainly motion with his hands. "If you need me, Señorita—that is all I ask."

Joe Ellis and his dog-like devotion! Out of my suffering, my humiliation, and my bitterness was born the realization that they, at least, were honestly mine and not stolen from the Valencias.

"Don't look at me so strangely, Señorita. I am as you said, a simpleton."

I stopped him, turning my face from him in shame. "Don't!" I cried.

The Cadiz Gardens and Joe Ellis waiting patiently until all the patrons had gone so that he might have a word alone with me; the little tables along the walls; the cashier's desk and myself, the Señorita, behind it receiving dollar bills through the wicket. These things were dependable, honestly my own.

"Let us go." I cast a fleeting glance across my shoulder at the golden-haired Maria on the wall. It seemed to me that a smile, half-mocking, half-sad, lighted up her face. "Adios," I murmured.

Then I turned to Joe Ellis.

"Let's go home, Joe, where we belong."

THROUGH the silent hall with its vistas of gardens beyond, out of the front door, along the line of Matanzas Bay, up by the Plaza and the yellow walls of the Cathedral, into Cordova Street and up the steps of the hotel into the fountain-sprayed courtyard.

"Señorita. I love you."

Joe Ellis in his shabby coat with his honest devotion shining clear and beautiful in his eyes—all of this, was it not mine?

Joe and I did not live in the little flat above the Cadiz Gardens. After my first bitterness had passed, I knew we could not be happy there and we moved to a little house uptown far from the noise of the elevated road. And someone else sits behind the cashier's desk. Somehow, I could not go back to that. But today as I look down at my ringless right hand—except for my wedding-ring—I am happy.

I have learned two things—that love compensates for many disappointments, and that the things that are honestly your own are the things that count.

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My Little Gypsy Sweetheart

[Continued from page 73]

"You shall hear, after you've sung that song about the Gypsy Sweetheart."

"I'll do it at once!"

She searched through her music, and found the thing. I stood behind her as she sat down at the piano, and looking over her shoulder I remembered the words and music well.

I oughtn't to have been surprised by the beauty of the girl's singing voice, as her speaking voice was so soft and sweet, but I was surprised. The very first notes made my "heart turn over in my breast," as the Irish say. The voice was so deep, so like the chords of a gorgeous cello, so thrilling, so utterly sad.

As she sang the words, "a mouse ran over my grave," I had a sick feeling that the girl was fated to sorrow and self-sacrifice, born to it, made for it. And I couldn't bear to think it was so. Why, it just shouldn't be! I'd change everything for her, no matter what had happened to put the stricken-deer look in her eyes, the tragedy in her voice. We'd have some wonderful times together, these next months!

"My little gypsy sweetheart, slumber on!"

The song ended. I didn't applaud. It was too sweet to be followed by such a crude sound as hand-clapping. But I said, "Your voice is lovely. It makes me feel."

"I'm glad! But now tell me why you particularly wanted 'My Little Gypsy Sweetheart.'"

"The truth is, I've been reminding myself of that song, and humming it to myself, all the time since I first met you. I thought then, 'This little girl looks like a gypsy'—a gypsy sweetheart—in your khaki, you know."

"Yes, in my khaki!"

"In anything, for the matter of that. 'Gypsy,' not Rachel, is what I'd choose to call you, if you'll let me. Will you?"

"Yes," she said. "I'd like it. That shall be your name for me. No one else shall ever use it but you—Jerry."

AFTER that, I always went at least once and sometimes twice in the week to see my Gypsy, unchaperoned. But we did nothing, said nothing—or almost nothing—a reasonable chaperon need have disapproved. She let me help her cook our dinners. I could fry fish, grill a steak, beat up an omelette and make coffee with anyone!

Fairly often Miss Woollen would invite me to the apartment on Saturday or Sunday evening, blissfully ignorant of the happy hours I had spent with my little friend in between those slightly formal occasions. I always bought tickets for a play or a movie or a concert, and made myself as agreeable to the old lady as I conscientiously could. I felt not in the least guilty, though good, little, soft-hearted Gypsy suffered a few pangs.

So things went on, and these dreaded months of being "bound to the wheel," as I'd called it at first, were after all flying. Gypsy made all the difference to me. After a hard day's work, when I felt tired out and a little "down" in mind and soul, I had her to look forward to.

It was a true friendship. I felt a vast, sweet tenderness for the girl. I loved her without passion. Yes, it was friendship—as nearly friendship as a man can feel for an attractive and kind young woman.

She was used by now to being called "my little Gypsy Sweetheart." She let me kiss her. She even returned my kisses warmly, and she gave me lovely looks. Yet we were only friends.

Then toward the end of the six months,

something happened. It was a Saturday evening, and I was engaged to dine with Miss Woollen and Gypsy, going afterwards to a play as usual. Miss Woollen hadn't been feeling very well. She had complained of a headache, and even the salad had been left for "Rachie" to make.

The girl had finished her cooking operations early, had taken off her big, checked gingham apron, and seated herself at the piano. Very softly, not to disturb Miss Woollen who might still be sleeping in the bedroom the two shared, she played and murmured rather than sang Massenet's "Elegie." It was a great favorite of ours and made us both sad, yet almost painfully happy too.

I leaned on the piano, gazing half unconsciously at the girl's face. She caught my eyes, and as the last word of the song died on her lips, she pursed them smilingly into an offer of a kiss. I couldn't resist that of course, and leaning across the miniature piano I bent down over her. Our lips met, her eyes were shut. She looked ecstatic, with a lovely, magic happiness too exquisite to last. Her look struck at my heart, and I kissed her again lingeringly.

"Upon my word!" burst sharply on our ears.

We jumped apart like guilty school children, too surprised for an instant to realize what had happened. But we soon saw, as we wheeled around to look. There stood Miss Woollen in a brand new, smart gown and with a glare of cold, sick fury on her face.

"So you two have been deceiving me!" she said in a voice like a shovelful of snow.

"We've done nothing of the sort," I defended Gypsy and myself. "You have no rights over us, Miss Woollen, except that we like and feel kindly to you. And we wish to go on feeling the same way. Gypsy—Miss Brown—and I are friends."

"Friends!" almost hissed Miss Woollen. "Friends! And kissing! Friends don't kiss—especially they don't on the sly!"

"Friends do kiss in these days, anyhow, and there's no reason why they shouldn't. I'm afraid you're very old-fashioned in your ideas, Miss Woollen," came from my little Gypsy.

THIS was the first speech even verging on unkindness that I'd ever heard from the girl of the soft heart. If there was anything Miss Woollen resented more than another, it was the suggestion that she could be old, or old-fashioned. Gypsy's little slap struck home.

Nervous, upset, perhaps still suffering from headache, she burst into tears, and retreating to her room like a Jack in the Box, she slammed the door hard. Then Gypsy and I, gazing into each other's eyes, heard loud, harsh sobs.

"Oh!" exclaimed the little brown girl. "I can't bear it! What a brute I was!" and threw herself into my arms.

It wasn't the first time she had been there, but I held her as I'd never held her before, tight against my breast. And her hands stole up to my neck, her fingers touching my hair.

"Shall I go to her?" Gypsy whispered. "Certainly not," I said. "It would only make things worse."

Tears rose to the girl's eyes. They didn't fall, until she winked her lashes. Then two big drops fell over her cheeks. She looked small and dependent and very feminine.

"Oh, it's going to be just horrid—worse than I thought! What ought I to do? I

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can't go on living with her after this. Only think what it would be like—she and I sleeping in one room!"

"She'll probably feel the same way about you, and propose to change her quarters—leaving the whole rent to you!"

"Oh, if she only would! But a lot of the furniture is hers. She wanted a place to store it."

"That's a complication. But why can't you pull out, if worst comes to worst?"

"The lease is in my name and I took it for a year. The mining company I work for were my references."

"Well, it will work out one way or the other soon," I tried to comfort her. "It's all my fault. I wish to God there was something I could do! If I could ask you to marry me I would, and you could accept, if only to break the engagement afterwards—for I don't flatter myself you care for me except as a very good pal. But I'm not free at present. I dare say you guessed that, though we've never confided much to each other about the past."

RACHEL shook her head so that all the soft bobbed hair floated round her face, as if in a breeze. "Even if I did care a whole lot more for you than as a pal, and if you were free as air, I wouldn't be engaged to you, dear," she said, in a broken voice. "Do you—know why?"

"No, and I can't guess—providing you did care," I answered. "Unless you think I'm a worthless guy—"

"Oh, don't say such a thing!" she cut me short. "You're splendid—different from any man I ever saw. From the minute I met you, there among those rough fellows, you've been the romance of my life. Of course I did guess why you might be out West, so near Reno, working in the same county and never going away, month after month. But that only made you more interesting—my wondering about your life."

"I'll tell you what the reason is, why I wouldn't say yes to you," the girl went on. "If it was going to be just a temporary engagement, to—to sort of 'save my face' with Miss Woollen, I couldn't stand it. Because the break would hurt too much when the time came, and maybe I wouldn't have the strength, though I think I would. I think I could be very strong, for your sake. As for a *real* engagement, why, it wouldn't do, because you don't love me, dear, in that way."

"Oh, don't speak, you'd only have to lie—to try and make me happy. I know! I've thought and thought. I couldn't help it. I've lain awake nights. You like me and you're fond of me. You call me your Gypsy Sweetheart, and your Girl of the Golden West. Maybe my—affection helps you a little when you're blue and tired."

"But you don't really love me. I've seen the way you look—looked at my *clothes* sometimes. You think I'm a nice, good little 'hick.' And so I am. I'm just that, and always will be. You'd try not to be ashamed of me if you took me to New York and introduced me to your friends, but you would be, in your heart. Oh, not in a snobbish way! There isn't a snobbish drop of blood in your veins. But you've got a terribly *critical* side to your nature. You can't help having it."

HOW I writhed inwardly under this analysis, because in my heart I knew that the girl's instinct had probed to the truth of me. And worse still, I guessed for the first time that she loved me, not as a friend, but as a woman loves a man. Otherwise her instinct would never have been such a clear searchlight. I loved her, and she was my dear, kind pal whom I depended on; my little gypsy sweetheart. But it was true, I didn't love her with the depths of my heart and soul, as I'd dreamed of loving if I were ever to

choose a *real* wife. I didn't love her enough.

All the same, I assured her that she was wrong. I'd never had such thoughts in my head as she put there. True, I admitted; I hadn't thought about marrying her, or anyone else. I'd been bound by the law for a good many years, and I hadn't let my mind leap ahead. But when the time came—

"Don't," my gypsy girl interrupted. "Don't speak of it. I can't bear it, truly I can't. I've got my own reasons, too, why I don't want to marry even if I fall in love, and maybe all the more if I do. So please, please, let's go on as we were, and be as happy as we can—while it lasts."

"All right, my dear, all right," I soothed her. She let me take her gently into my arms, and caress her fluffy short hair with my hand which looked so big and work-worn there. "As for Miss Woollen, don't you worry. The thing is of no importance, dash it all! A young girl is kissed by a man, and an old woman who sees it happen cackles like a hen. Tell her it isn't her business. Have a row if she wants one, and clear the air. I only wish I could get at her! Why shouldn't I knock at the door? By the lord, I will!"

Before the agitated Gypsy could stop me, I did.

There was no answer. I knocked again, then pounded.

This violence forced Miss Woollen's hand. She threw open the door with all the dignity of a tear-stained and over-sized Niobe.

"What do you want?" she snapped.

"I want to straighten out a misunderstanding you seem to have," I said, "and what's more, I'm not going to leave here till I've done it."

The lady looked inclined to slam the door in my face, but thought better of it.

"There's no misunderstanding," she insisted. "The slyness is what hurts me. After my long friendship with Rachel, too. I needn't hope for any remorse of conscience from you—or Rachel either. I have to tell you, Captain Kirkwood, that our friendship is over from this moment."

I bowed politely, which appeared to aggravate the lady rather than please her.

I CAN'T possibly continue at Crystal-town in the same house with you and sit at the same table," she went on. "To move elsewhere might make talk, which is not good for a woman, especially in my profession. I shall resign at once, and go back as soon as possible to Sacramento, where I can always do well, and where I've had a much better position suggested to me. I would have accepted if I hadn't promised myself to Crystal-town first and gone into this apartment with Rachel. Now I shall throw all considerations to the winds, and think only of myself!"

Probably she expected me to say that I would go. But even if I'd thought it incumbent on me to do so, to satisfy the whim of a cantankerous woman, it would have been difficult to get away. I had to be in touch with Reno. I had my living to make. I must save money enough from my earnings to pay my lawyer the sum down he had named for my divorce proceedings; and the case would come on now in another month. I had already passed five months out of my six at Reno, and little Rachel Brown's friendship had kept me from going melancholy mad!

I did offer, however, to move to another house if that would content Miss Woollen. There was one at Crystal-town said to be only a little worse than Mrs. Myron's, and there were many jokes about it between the boarders at both places.

"That will make no difference!" the lady returned. "I shall go. I shall hand in my resignation at once. I shall have

my sister-in-law telegraph for me to return to Sacramento. The school must do the best it can!"

I imagined that the trustees wouldn't be inconsolable; and as for the children they would jump for joy. Miss Woollen was mighty unpopular with the kids and the parents thought that she "put on airs."

"I'll take over your part of the rent," Gypsy said at last, in a humble little voice. I should have liked her to show that she was the injured one; but Gypsy was always ready to believe herself most to blame!

"You'll have to take it over," Miss Woollen retorted ungratefully. "But I'll carry away all my furniture with me, of course. I shall begin moving out tomorrow. The kitchen things and most of the living-room ones are mine, as well as my own bed, and the whole of the linen!"

AT THAT she left us, slamming the door precipitately.

"Gypsy, why don't you jump into the Golden Hotel tonight, and leave this lady to simmer down alone?" I asked. "And look here, I've another idea for you! While Miss Woollen is doing her moving stunt, wouldn't it be fun for you to run up to Camp Hulbert and spend a week with the camp boss's wife, Mrs. Tracey? I've heard you say she'd invited you, and it's fine bright weather up there, though it is the fifteenth of December. It's so mild this year, you know, that Tracey hopes the big snow won't come before another month."

"Oh, that would be grand!" exclaimed Rachel, with her usual childlike pleasure in the prospect of a little fun, even when mixed with pain and stirred up with trouble. "I believe I will go! It would be what they call a regular 'snow gamble,' this time of year. They're often down by now, they say."

"Well, if you do get snowed in, I'll come and rescue you. That's a promise!" I said.

We both laughed joyfully. For a second Miss Woollen was forgotten. And even when we remembered her again, most of the irritation was gone. I waited for Rachel to pack a little "grip" and took her to the Golden Hotel, where we said good-by temporarily.

I HAD been up at Camp Hulbert several times, and when I first arrived had seen the place in all its summer beauty. I'd made friends with the camp boss, Joe Tracey, and his jolly, freckled, red-haired wife who had met Rachel Brown "down below" through Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert. I thought of the camp often, with its tingling mountain air, its tall trees, straight as Titan masts, canopied darkly at their tops with bunching branches that reached high for the light. The good smell of cut yellow pine, and of growing fir delighted my nostrils. I thought of the brown shacks of the workers, standing upon the sleds on which they were built, and on which they would travel in moving camp. And I thought of the whining of the saws that mingled with the sighing of the wind in a strange music all their own.

In December, mild as it was in Reno and even at the high level of Crystalltown, it would be biting cold in the camp. Rachel wouldn't mind, I was sure. She was a hardy little thing physically, an out-of-doors girl by choice. She rode well and walked, and the only thing she seemed to be afraid of was hurting people's feelings!

I had heard the superintendent of the factory say that the signs were favorable for prolonging work in camp this season. The "gamble" was that the men might hang on for another two weeks or so, be-

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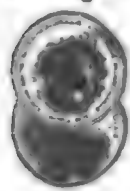
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fore snow fell heavily enough to drive them down with a rush. A few days picnicking with jolly Nora Tracey and quaint, humorous Joe, would do Gypsy all the good in the world after the nerve-racking experience she had gone through.

After spending the night of the "row" at the Golden Hotel, Gypsy arrived in Crystalltown early enough next morning to go to camp in the logging train. I couldn't get off work to take her up, but I met her at the station and carried her suitcase to the starting point of the camp train, about half a mile away. There was a nip in the air, and I was glad to see that Gypsy wore a fur coat over a neat khaki coat and skirt. She had had that suit made because she knew I liked her khaki riding things, and with it she wore a little close-fitting toque of fur that matched. She hadn't slept much, and was heavy-eyed, but prettier than I had seen her since the first day we met.

When I had put her into the warm—too warm—caboose, with its rusty woodstove, the picture of her remained in my mind, painted in soft browns. I felt a great tenderness for the girl, as I watched the train move slowly away, the empty flat cars (that would come down loaded with logs) writhing along the track like the tail of a giant rattlesnake.

FOUR days passed, and Miss Woollen had roused a sensation at Crystalltown by throwing over her job without the customary notice a school teacher is supposed to give. She did, however, find a young woman to fill her place at least temporarily.

Gypsy sent me down a note each day and I sent one up to her, in charge of the chap who drove the Shay engine, and we exchanged news. I told her about Miss Woollen's doings, and she told me about the fun she was having in camp. Then, after dusk of the fifth day, a fine powder of snow began to sift over Crystalltown. This shower of diamond dust would have been nothing to think twice about, if at the same time a mist hadn't closed in between our level and the mountains above.

The train had brought its daily load of logs from camp, before these warning signs became visible to us, and the men who came down reported that the weather

had been good at the camp when they started. The sky, to be sure, was a bit overcast, but old Bill Innes, the veteran of the camp, hadn't "felt the feel of snow in his bones."

If Bill said it wasn't going to snow yet, it *wasn't*! And what with this news from above, and the fact that the diamond dust ceased to fall on Crystalltown, we ventured to go to bed at the customary time.

I was restless, however, and kept seeing that picture of Gypsy, brown and smiling and sweet in her khaki and furs as she started on the adventure I'd sent her to seek. I got out of bed two or three times to peer through the window and see if the darkness was lit by a white gleam of snow. But the night was black, and about one o'clock I fell fast asleep.

I woke up, bounding out of bed, my nerves mysteriously unstrung. Realizing where I was after a confused moment, I saw a dim, whitish square, like a ghost of a window, hovering on the dark wall.

INSTANTLY I knew what that meant. The upper sash was down as usual to give me air, and snow was drifting in like a dense shower of talcum.

"My God!" I heard myself say.

The one modern touch at Molly Myron's was electricity, which I myself had installed all over the house to her pride and gratitude. Now I was rewarded for my work, for in a flash I had the light on and was hurrying into my clothes. A little travelling clock Gypsy had given me for a birthday present told me it was half-past one. I found an electric torch I'd used all through the war. Luckily the battery had been renewed not long ago. I stuck the thing into a pocket of my coat, plunged downstairs two or three steps at a time, and about five minutes after I had waked up was out in the snow.

It poured down as if the traditional goose girl was emptying her bags of feathers, and already—though it hadn't begun till after midnight—it lay several inches deep on the ground.

What would it be like at the camp? That was the question.

[To be concluded]

When You Go Hungry And Cold In New York

[Continued from page 42]

only shelter. So out I went and trudged to the Bowery Mission, whose breadline begins to operate at midnight. It was nine when I reached the corner of Forsyth Street and the Bowery, and it was snowing hard. There were three hours to go in that January storm before the handout of stale bread and coffee. And yet the line wrapped itself clear around the block and was starting to double up.

There was ample opportunity to make acquaintance with my companions of cold and hunger. I found that the majority of them were from the country; harvest hands, laborers, even ironworkers, cement workers and other skilled workmen. Toward midnight a red-headed police sergeant gave us an inspection. We had packed close together to keep from falling and freezing. The sergeant dislodged first one and then another of us, picking out the oldest and the feeblest and putting them up at the top of the line. They would get within the Mission first. It was a humane act.

We filed in through a side door and

each got a bowl of coffee and several rolls. The warmth of the room was beatific. We were in heaven. Nothing ever tasted so good as that bread sopped in hot coffee. We became cheerful and chatted about jobs we had had and jobs we hoped to get. We could have only one helping and so we consumed that slowly, lingering over each crumb and every drop.

After that we marched into the chapel. Outside, the streets were piling with snow and the rusty structure of the elevated road seemed made of cotton. We were to hear the Word of God and to sing praises in His name.

The superintendent of the Mission preached of Christ and His message. It was the usual sermon of hopefulness and high promise to the hopeless and homeless. He meant well and he accomplished a great deal, physically if not spiritually, for his sermon was long and dull. Jammed in the benches, shoulder crowding shoulder, like cadavers stacked in a sitting position, we listened and enjoyed the pleasant warmth of the chapel. Imme-

diate hunger was gone, as well as the chill in our bones.

When the services ended, we would be sent out into the storm. The tenement house laws of the city require so many cubic inches for each sleeping person, and the minister could not shelter us without bringing the law down on himself. Many of the "flop" lodging-house proprietors along the Bowery would complain if he offered us free shelter to their loss.

ONLY a word or two crept through the haze that reached the minds of all of us—Jesus—Mercy—Compassion. Our minister was breaking the long distance record for sermons. Upright in our benches we slept peacefully, tranquilly. The lights of the chapel were dimming with the coming of the dawn when we were turned out. The good man of the mission had found a way of beating out the tenement house and lodging house laws!

It was not quite full daybreak when I began to hunt for another refuge. I tried another mission, one down in the old Cherry Hill section in the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge. It was started by a man who had been known in his time as the wickedest man in New York, a dive keeper of the period when "Suicide Hall" and the "Rat Pit" were famous places of the underworld. In the "Rat Pit" people paid to see a man bite the head from a living rat. In "Suicide Hall" drunkenness reigned day and night.

The mission had been originally founded for the utterly hopeless of humanity, intended to save a soul here and there from the dregs. It had formerly provided food with its psalms, but had been taken over by a wealthy church corporation and "improved." A rosy-cheeked young dominie with a cozy study and a shovel hat was in charge. From a tumble-down wooden shack this tabernacle of Christianity had been developed into a sandstone building of ecclesiastical architecture.

I knocked on the door at daybreak and asked for shelter.

The janitor answered.

"We don't take lodgers," he said. Through the half-open door I felt the grateful outspreading of the warmth within. It was a large deserted chapel, the walls of which were covered with texts in gothic letters.

"But I'm nearly frozen," I explained. "There are people sleeping in the Morgue and there is no room there for another."

"Can't help it. We don't take in lodgers."

"But it's a Christian mission, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Could I get a cup of coffee or a piece of bread?"

"No, we only hold services. You'd better go away now. You will wake up the minister."

"But my friend," I pleaded, "I think I'll drop in my tracks and die in the street unless I can get shelter for a little while."

THE janitor, who was a well-clad, well-fed man, looked me over and said:

"Come to our next evening service. It's beautiful. You will be brought to Jesus. You will be saved. Look at me. I was a bum, a bad egg. I stole and drank liquor. And look at me now. I've got Jesus and haven't had a worry since. Be sure to come to the evening service."

"But Jesus helped the outcast. He shared his last crust with them and He went without a shelter for himself. He died for them. I have read the Testament and I believe in Him as the friend of the poor. I'm only asking for a corner of a pew to rest in."

"But it's against the rules," the janitor protested. "I'd get in trouble if I let you

in. You might snore and wake him up—the minister."

I promised him that I would not snore, assured him that all I wanted was a little warmth, a moment's rest. Reluctantly he let me in and took me to a corner of the last pew in the rear.

Warning me again not to snore, he tiptoed to the basement to stoke the furnace. He gave me an hour of rest and warmth. When he let me out into the street again he handed me a little green ticket.

"Take it and get something to eat," he said, as he closed the door.

I studied the little piece of pasteboard. It read:

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The address was in Elizabeth street, on the boundary line between Chinatown and Little Italy. The place was in a basement. The floor was bare, the one window uncurtained. On either side of a bare board table was a long bench.

WHEN I managed to crowd in, I handed over my little green ticket and before me was placed a dish with a whole fish, a plate heaped with bread and a huge bowl of what looked like coffee. Around me and opposite me were men sucking the bones of fish, leaving no shred of meat on them—starving, ragged men. There was an evil odor to the place. I sniffed of the fish and pushed it aside. The man on my left took it and devoured it. I turned to the bread and found it stale and hard; I tried the coffee—it was warm, colored, fluid.

The sun was now rising. The man who had eaten my fish scraped in a coat pocket and brought out some crumbs of tobacco and two cigarette papers. He gave me a paper and shared the tobacco. I was grateful for the smoke.

My friend of the cigarette walked out with me.

"What are you going to do for a flop tonight?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"There used to be a chair house over on the Bowery, where if you bought a glass of beer they'd let you sit for an hour and rest. But it's gone. The panhandling is bad. Say!" He suddenly gave me a close scrutiny.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Let's beat out this game."

"How?"

"Tonight we can loaf up in Harlem. Some guy will be going home drunk on a quiet street. You take the corner and be the lookout. I'll crack him over the head and get his money and watch. We'll get a place to sleep and something to eat. If we are caught we'll be taken care of, snug and warm for the winter. How about it?"

THAT is one way that highwaymen get a start. I did not take his offer, but went to a downtown newspaper office and borrowed enough money to get me back to my little cottage in Jersey. In my room is a crucifix that reminds me of the sleeping, ruddy-faced dominie and his warm, empty chapel; it also reminds me of the Morgue sheltering the living and the dead.

Think it over, country boy. Bring something to New York when you come. Think it over, village girl. There are worse fates than doing the dishes in a warm and clean kitchen.

Think it over, sleeping dominie, warm in your bed in the great city, far from Misery Lane—and remember the prophecy of Isaiah:

"And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood."



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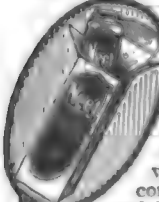
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He Was Only a Man

[Continued from page 51]

would not go. When he begged me to marry him and leave the town, I gave him the plan that had formed in my mind.

"I shan't—can't leave here, Don," I said. "I hoped that you'd take a position in the mill."

"The mill?" he echoed blankly. "In Colliston?"

"Your brother works there," I put in. "I know." He nodded soberly, but there was a baffled look in his eyes. "You mean, you never want to leave here? You want me to settle down in Colliston—forever?"

"That's it," I said. "I know it's a big thing to ask, Don, but I can't leave here—I'm afraid! And I do want you."

His jaw set. "And I want you, Julianne," he said at last, with a curious little catch in his voice. "So—I suppose I'll have to take your terms. But they're hard, sweetheart, bitterly hard."

"Don't think too harshly of me, Don," I begged, half understanding what his surrender meant.

"I don't, dear, I don't," he whispered, holding me close. "I—I think I understand."

In my complete selfishness, I didn't realize just how much his surrender meant, until, as the months slipped by, I saw the bronze aliveness of his face vanishing slowly, to be replaced by a thinning of his jaw muscles and a pallor that was not like him. Don was fulfilling my conditions, but it was a tremendous battle for him.

In my heart I knew it and it hurt, yet I could not change.

DON hated the mill. I know now he must have loathed each day of his stay there.

I was always waiting on my veranda when he passed on his way home to his brother's house, where he lived, and he always stopped. It grew to be a habit.

We had decided to get married in a year.

But, day after day, he grew more pale and depressed and his eyes had lost their sparkling command. His brother told me of several quarrels Don had had with Burke, the general superintendent.

Don never spoke of them to me.

"My old firm has offered me a job again, Julianne," he said one night, about eight months later, sinking down wearily on the top step of the veranda at my feet.

I hesitated. I knew of just what he was thinking.

Like a child, he was groping toward an understanding with me, too proud to ask and yet hoping against hope that I might eventually come to follow his path.

"Where?" I murmured at length.

"It's an ideal offer," he said, looking up, and there was a brightness in his blue eyes that I had not seen for several months. "In Nevada—construction of the entire shafting and underground rail system for a mine. I'm offered complete charge."

I was silent.

He kept looking at me and I avoided his eyes.

"Don't you suppose—we might chance it, Julianne?" he asked breathlessly. "It'll be hard on you, I know, but not so hard as you imagine. And after it," he went on impetuously, when I did not answer—"afterward, I'll be in line for the big things. You'll have everything you deserve then—in the city. If I do this job right, it'll make me!"

Tears started to my eyes. I put out my hand and found his shoulder, despising

myself in my own heart for the thing I was about to say.

"Oh, Don, I wish I could say yes, but I—I can't!" Then I looked at him. "Won't you please try to stick things out here—for me?"

I shall never forget the lifeless, burdened look in his eyes as he stood up heavily.

"I guess I'll have to, Jule," he sighed, and tried to smile. "I guess if I'm not good enough for that, I'm not worth you."

He turned and went down the short walk to the gate and it clicked shut after him.

TWO days afterward I took luncheon at the house of Don's brother, Tom, with Tom's wife.

"Don's had another fight with Burke," she told me. Her mouth was very small and her lips were set tight together when she looked at me.

"Serious?" I questioned, avoiding her eyes, for I was beginning to feel very guilty with Irma. I knew she despised me for what I was doing to Don.

She shrugged. "Maybe not—this time. They're all serious, but Don is valuable, that's all. The question is, how long can Don stand it, not the mill people."

I nodded, knowing the words for the bitterest truth.

How long could Don stand it?

Something in his bearing, a certain dejection and utter lack of spirit when he approached my little ivy-covered gate that night, made me feel that the end was very near.

His eyes were burning. I suspected he had a fever.

"It's all over, Jule," he said, sighing as he sank down on the top step.

"All over?" I repeated fearfully. "You—you mean—?"

He nodded. "The job. I handed in my resignation today. I'll work till Saturday and finish up. I've wired acceptance of the Nevada commission and I'm to start out Sunday morning."

He told me, brokenly, of another quarrel with Burke, in which his tattered nerves had given out and he had quit.

THE next day, which was lowering and full of clouds, was Friday, and Don did not pass my house as usual. Instead, his brother Tom halted for a moment beside my gate and told me he was working late to finish up his work before the next day.

"And he's sick," Tom said gruffly. "He'd ought to be in bed."

I could not reply. All day long the accumulated weight of my thoughts had seemed about to strangle me.

Don was the only love of my little life; I had let him go once and now I was letting him slip away again.

I slept little that night. I was heart-sick and weary, despising myself for my cowardice, and then hating Don for not being strong enough to do the one thing I had asked. I was ashamed and disappointed in him for not being the man I had dreamed him to be—the strong, undaunted knight who could not know defeat.

Saturday afternoon wore on, lonely and gray. I lit the lamps in my sitting room early, in the hope that they might fight somewhat against the gloom of the outdoors.

I turned to my "Indian Love Lyrics," trying to read and forget, but their cadenced sadnesses only deepened the mor-

bid sorrow that was upon me.

And the rain beat down, monotonously, against the windowpanes, the vines, the roof . . .

TONIGHT Donald would be getting ready to leave for Nevada. Even now he was laboring late at the mill to finish up his last job. I would not even know when he passed my house, for I knew he would not stop to say good-by.

Neither of us would want to face the other now.

I had determined to go to bed, when I heard hasty steps on the veranda, and then my doorbell rang.

Oppressed with a vague fear, I hurried to open the door and found Tom standing there, outlined against the black night outside and dripping wet from head to foot.

"What is it, Tom?" I demanded, convinced at once that something was terribly wrong.

"He's sick. Dropped off the siding half an hour ago and knocked himself unconscious. He was working with a high fever, anyhow." Tom hesitated. "I thought I'd let you know, just in case—"

But I waited for no more. Don was ill—weak, in need of someone—of me!

My whole outlook changed in that one second of realization, when our parts changed and Don became the weaker and I the woman!

I flung a cape over my shoulders and dashed out into the dripping street, before the startled Tom realized I had passed him. He only caught up with me as I was entering his house.

Irma was just leaving Don's bedroom when I came in. Her look was a challenge to me, and in my sudden self-contempt I did not blame her.

She hated me!

"I will go in," I said breathlessly, and she had not time to say a word before I swept past her, my eyes alight with new purpose.

The doctor was just standing up to go and he touched the bandage on Don's head.

"He'll be all right," he said. "Only—he's been calling for you. I'm glad you came."

I thanked him, and when he left I bent down over Don.

I took his warm hands and held them close against my breast, prayerfully thankful that he was still where I could come to him in his need and promising myself over and over that I should never leave him again.

"Julianne—Julianne, I can't! I'm sorry—so sorry, dear."

A pang shot through me as his fevered lips framed the words.

"It's all right, dear," I whispered tenderly, pressing myself close to him and holding him tight in my arms. He seemed to sense my nearness and to reach a certain peace.

"I'm here, Don," I repeated, "and I'm going to stay. Everything's all right."

FOR it was all right. Don was not a superman nor a god.

He was a man, my man, and I loved him!

Enough that I could be near him, to press my lips against his and share every hardship and trial of his life—that was my part. The other was a mad dream, but thank Heaven it was over!

He awoke in the morning from a refreshing sleep and I was by his side.

"Julianne!" he exclaimed, when he saw me. "So it was you. I thought I dreamed you were here."

"No, it was I who dreamed, dear," I told him tenderly, "and now I'm here to stay. When do we leave for Nevada?"



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Women at Home Make Big Money Way

Would You Marry A Sarcastic Girl?

[Continued from page 60]

affection for the children. Naturally I have been leaning more and more toward the children, since I am rather affectionate by nature. I love my children very dearly. But at the sight of any show of this Jane opens fire at once, telling me that I am maudlin, that I have no true sentiment, only sentimentality, that I make her sick—and more of the same. Incidentally, this gives the children the impression that my affection is in some mysterious way improper or objectionable.

If I have been under unusually heavy pressure in my work and through the desperate need for relaxation go out on Sunday to play golf, she sneers at my always wanting to "play." When will the little boy grow up, and who are the ladies of the party going to be? And yet she will not join me in the game, since she cannot waste time on such nonsense, even though I think I can.

If I mention my contacts with worthwhile men in the business world and occasional lunches with them, then as she puts it I am "running after them" and licking their boots. There was an occasion when I had to do business with a woman buyer. When I had seen this buyer several times—my wife would say, "this woman several times"—Jane burst out, "Why don't you take your trunk and go and live with her!"

Of course there was no justification for such a remark, and she knew it, but that made no difference. It was typical.

I have mentioned only a few of Jane's gentler transgressions. The things she says when she really gets rough are not suitable for publication. Also, I would not humiliate myself by putting on paper some of the things that presumably no one would ever stand for, but which of course I have had to stand simply because she is a woman. She has never hesitated to take advantage of that fact.

Always derision. Always that distortion of the situation, in the name of truth, that outrages the truth. And then there would be a fight. My pride would be stung. If one has even an atom of self-respect, not even a wife can say some things without meeting a protest. I would remind her that by going on in this way she was establishing a habit of this sort of conduct. I would point out that it was not merely the hurt she gave me by the things that she said, that should concern her, but that it was what she was doing to her own nature in forming the habit of abusive speech.

This would bring forth some still more violent retort upon her part, until I would finally characterize her conduct as brutal and ill-bred, or something like that. And then what a storm there would be, like repeated blasts of dynamite.

BUT, you now ask, why have I not fought it out with her? Why not, you may suggest, give her a taste of her own medicine, fight her with her own weapons?

Well, the trouble with that is that she would never recognize it as her own medicine handed back to her. To respond with sarcasm, which very easily verges on ridicule, would be infinitely worse than to meet her with argument and a plea for fair play. For that which she may justify as being the truth, or as having a germ of truth when she hands it out, becomes outrageous insult when anyone hands it back to her. Heaven knows it would be impossible to meet her with her own weapons! And, besides, somehow I could not bring myself to

hurt her in that way—even while she hurts me that way.

Of course there are intervals when Jane seems to relent and give her sarcasm a rest. She even displays signs of friendship, and I see in her again some of the qualities that attracted me in the beginning. Yet I never know when she is going to cut loose, sometimes apparently out of thin air, with some sarcasm.

I SUPPOSE that no two people can live together under one roof for many years without some attachment forming between them, even though they fight, and even though their relations are strained almost to the breaking point a large part of the time. Somehow, we always get on better after one of these fights, during a period of aloofness and threatened separation. The very distance between us at such times seems to dull the sense of familiarity.

Then her attitude becomes colored by some degree of respect for me, and her tongue is more guarded. Such a period of peace after the storm has always seemed to draw us together as friends again.

But after that it is not long, with a more intimate feeling asserting itself, before she is ready to break forth at any moment with some fresh sarcasm. And once started, it is one mocking or sneering fling after another, until another fight is precipitated.

There is one phase of the situation that is almost unforgivable. Now that the children are growing older I find that the things she is continually saying about me are beginning to influence their impressionable minds, and to color their whole attitude toward me. The result is the breaking down of that quality of respect for their father which to me is one of the most precious features of family life. To one who has any pride at all, life is intolerable without respect. I do first-class work in my own line, and am well thought of by people in business. But from the things that Mother is saying nearly all of the time, the children naturally get the impression that Father is a pretty worthless and miserable specimen of his kind.

I feel that I should at least be permitted to make my own impression upon my children. Even they are now learning occasionally to whip out some sarcastic or jeering comment, wholly unfounded upon any of the facts of my life, but based purely and entirely upon the distorted impression of me that my wife's remarks have given them. They are beginning to see me through the colored glasses afforded by her misinterpretations of my actions, until my distress in this connection is indescribable. It hurts.

THIS much I have learned in my life with Jane; namely, that it does no good to argue with people. If a person has a quality that is objectionable, don't think that you can take it out of him. Don't think that by marrying a man you can reform him. Any change that takes place in any human being transpires not through the influence of another but through the inner prompting of that person's own nature. One may stimulate another to a certain limited extent, but only by way of waking up some impulse that is already there. You can't put the impulse there if it is not there already. A man will not stop drinking unless he wants to stop.

It is easy for others to say that I should just cut the knot and be through with it. Others, I know, have done that. And it

seems logical enough. But the problem is not quite so simple as all that. There are many ethical and human ties that enter into the situation, stronger than the merely legal bonds of matrimony. Divorce would tear me away from the children. Their mother, of course, has the first claim on them. Losing the children would be harder to endure than the stress of things as they are. Besides, I still have some love for my wife—I don't know how much. She may leave me someday, as she often threatens to do. But somehow I am unable to bring myself to leave her, because I feel that even in spite of her lashing tongue and her bitterness of spirit, she still needs me and would be more or less lost without me, even though I provided for her financially.

While it is true that many of Jane's grievances are imaginary, and while she is unhappy with them, yet the necessity of facing the harsh and stern realities of life, with a home broken up, would, I fear, break her completely. It so often seems to me that her bitterness proceeds from a lack of poise, that it is in some way expressive of weakness. If she had sufficient strength of mind, or perhaps I would better say strength of spirit, she would rise above her grievances. Or is that only a pretty theory? Her striking out and lashing might seem to indicate strength. But even in her moments of greatest highhandedness, she is all the more a pathetic figure, vainly storming in her helplessness.

And so in spite of everything, she makes a certain appeal to my sympathies. I am sorry for her very shortly after she has cut me cruelly. And sometimes I wonder if all this is not the kind of a thing that is to be expected of a woman; whether a man is not supposed to have a quality of strength that enables him

to stand up under it, and to cherish and protect her whom he has married and taken for better or for worse, in spite of it?

I TRY, ever so hard, to apply philosophy to the situation, even though it is poor consolation. And I tell myself that, after all, Jane herself is the greater sufferer, for she cannot be happy with this mixture of conflicting human impulses. Qualities of kindness, consideration, and affection do not blend well with the cruelty, bitterness, and resentments that are expressed in her sarcastic and derisive speech, and which have soured her whole nature.

As the poet says, it is natural to man to indulge in the fond illusions of hope. And so I keep hoping—like a poor fool—that someday the spots of kindness in Jane's nature will expand, and overshadow the areas of bitterness and spite; that she will finally prove to be all that I feel a wife should be, in every sense. But when I find myself indulging in these fancies, I am brought back to earth by some fresh outburst on Jane's part. So I realize in earnest what I have known for a long time, that a leopard does not change his spots, but that, on the contrary, they grow deeper and more pronounced, so far as their figurative parallels in human nature are concerned. And I know that each one of us, as we grow older, only grow more and more like ourselves.

So as I say, I keep on hoping against hope, for more peace of mind for myself, and more comfort of spirit for Jane, even though I know all the time that it is not to be expected. So I shall go on to the end of our lives upon this earth, enduring the lashings of a relentless wit and the stabbings of a sharp and bitter tongue.

Not A Chance for a Word of Defense

[Continued from page 24]

As I removed the limp, earth-daubed, torn pink frock and ruined pumps, I mentally composed a letter to my aunt. I would threaten to run away—and, yet, I would like to meet Jim again! I wondered if he meant all the nice things he said. I looked at myself in the cracked mirror.

"What's keepin' you up there all this time?" my mistress's harsh voice broke in on my dreams, and I hurried into my gingham frock and strong clumsy shoes. I didn't want to leave, now.

EVEN if I had desired to escape, however, that would have been impossible. That evening I received a letter from my aunt which chained me to the farm for a year. Like all cooks, she had suffered from eczema off and on, due to the constant exposure to heat. Her hands were covered with sores and the master of the house had unexpectedly come into the kitchen and seen them. A specialist she had consulted said her case was chronic and couldn't take another place as cook for at least six months. She has spent most of her savings on me, and would have to use my wages to see her through.

How I could have stood that year without Jim I don't know. But, as it was, life sang in my ears.

He had called the next day to see me. Mrs. Hale, my mistress, was astonished to see him. She called me a "sly one" for not telling her about his bringing me home, and started to make some mean remarks, when Jim shut her up quick.

He called her to one side and said

some things to her that made her angry. I don't know what they were. I was too much in love to be curious. But she tried to get revenge by going over to Jim's mother and telling her about my having come from an "Institution."

I was terribly ashamed of this, but when I told him my story, Jim believed me, he said, and didn't think any the worse of me.

Three months before my time was up at the farm, Jim went to the city.

THEN, how the country got on my nerves! It was so darned peaceful. So desperately, maddeningly peaceful. You could hear the chickens walking on the grass—that's how still and peaceful it was! If a fowl flapped its wings, you could hear it clean across the yard.

I was just a kid of seventeen who wanted something out of life. I saw life passing me by on the other side of those awful mountains that frowned down on that "peaceful" valley, and I saw the man I loved courted by city girls, forgetting me in the hectic gayety of Broadway!

When I left the farm and returned to the city, I found my aunt had gone to pieces temporarily, both mentally and physically. She had rented a small room just off the Bowery for twelve dollars a month, unfurnished. The three-quarter bed, small table and rickety rocking chair, she had bought from the outgoing tenant. On a one-ringed gas stove, she cooked her food.

Jim and I had kept up a correspondence after he had gone to the city. At least I had written him long letters and

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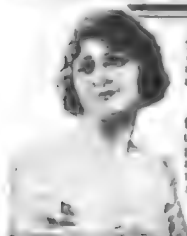
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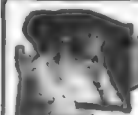
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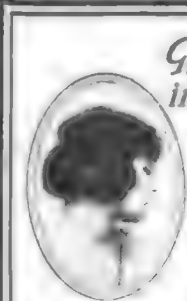


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he had replied with postcards. But the evening before he left he had told me I was the only girl he had ever loved, and we were to be married as soon as he sold the farm.

He called the first evening I got into town. How handsome he looked in his city clothes! He was working as a longshoreman and making good wages.

Just at the time I got to New York, the newspapers were telling about the lack of servants. Millionaires on Fifth and Park avenues were being forced to sell their mansions and live in apartments because they couldn't obtain staffs of domestic help. Wages were high!

NOT for long, would I be shabby, I gloated. Jim would be proud of me in the stunning outfit I would buy with my first month's wages, and I would move Aunt Millie out of that wretched tenement.

It all sounded like a fairy-tale. Over our breakfast, I read the news to my aunt.

"Just listen," I said, my heart singing. "These are actual figures taken from an agency: kitchen maids, fifty dollars to sixty-five dollars—general houseworkers, sixty-five dollars to ninety dollars—chambermaid-waitresses, sixty dollars to seventy dollars! I could fill any of these jobs. I'm going to register right away."

Hardened by experience, however, Aunt Millie scoffed at the rainbow which promised the end of our troubles; she had been behind the scenes. I was only an amateur.

But I refused to be discouraged.

When I arrived at "Lazare's," the great domestic service agency which supplies help to the richest families in New York, limousines lined the streets on both sides. Inside were over four hundred servants and mistresses who wanted help!

I was thrilled! Surely in that vast field there was a place for me. I asked one of the other girls whether it would be any use my waiting—they looked so prosperous, I felt dreadfully shabby.

"Sure," she replied with a friendly grin. "There really ain't enough of us to go around. Many are called, but few are chosen—or choose, as the sayin' is. Where was your last place?"

I told her about my experience in the country.

"It's all the same no matter where a girl goes," she said. "New York or Squeedunk, men and mistresses are all alike to servants. You think the country's lonesome? Well, so's the city. 'No visitors allowed'—that's always one of the most strictest rules. And gosh, but it makes it lonesome. A park bench is a bum parlor."

"Well, I don't expect so much," I laughed. "You can hardly look for private parlors for each of the servants."

I was interviewed by one of the clerks of the agency. A nice, worried looking woman. I seemed to make a good impression on her, but she checked up very closely on everywhere I had been for five years. And when she heard I had been in a "home" she shook her head.

"Sorry, we can't do anything for you. It's against the rules."

It didn't seem fair, somehow.

From one of the agencies on Sixth Avenue, I got a job as general houseworker for a business woman. As she pictured the position, it sounded mighty attractive to me. She and her husband both had government positions. They lived in a small three-story house in Greenwich Village, and had one child. All the washing would be given out. My work consisted in getting breakfast for them, keeping an eye on the child, cleaning the

house and preparing dinner. One afternoon and evening off every week.

It all sounded lovely, and I told her that I would go gladly. I paid my fee of five dollars to the agency and rushed home to tell Auntie my good news. It rather irritated me that she was not more enthusiastic.

One of the things which the woman had carefully refrained from telling me was that I was expected to sleep in her husband's "den." That meant that I had no room to myself and could not go to bed until it was his will to quit the windowless, converted alcove which went by his name.

Also I learned that when she said that the washing was given out, she meant the blankets and fine linen. All the rest were to be done at home by me!

Each Wednesday and Saturday were their "at home" nights. Rowdy crowds, who laughed behind the backs of their host and hostess, arrived to dance and drink until all hours. At midnight I had to make sandwiches and coffee. Many times it was five in the morning when I got to bed.

THE mistress, I understood from table conversations, was head of a large force of stenographers. She wouldn't have held her job for a week if she had treated them as she treated me. I heard them talk of "over-time money" paid in the office—but there was no over-time money spent in the home.

When I objected to the husband coming into the den while I was in bed, she laughed heartily and told her friends. She thought it was a great joke. Imagine a servant having such a thing as modesty!

Four weeks went by without my once getting my regular night off as promised. What difference did it make which night I got so long as I got one? The idea of my having a date meant nothing in her life. But it meant a tremendous lot in mine. Jim was to meet me the first and second time, but as I could not phone, and he could not call at the house, he was obliged to hang around a corner drug store for over an hour each time, waiting for me to show up. I wrote him explaining what had happened, but I couldn't blame him for getting peeved.

The servant next door and myself got sort of chummy. She had a job like mine, and once in a while we went out together. She was dance crazy and we visited dance halls. I suppose I was weak—I am not posing as anything but a fool—and I went with her. She didn't get much fun out of life anyway. Most of her wages went to support a child whose father had disappeared and she had to pay a "baby farm" twenty-five dollars a month, which didn't leave her much to herself.

The men we met were cheap and disgusting. But I simply had to have some sort of friends and Martha was my only choice.

One evening when she knew I was going to meet Jim, Martha insisted on coming along. There was nothing I wanted less in the world than the presence of a third person that evening, but she said she was so desperately lonesome, and carried on so, that I told her she could come. Jim was very jealous and I cautioned her against mentioning our trips to the dance halls!

AS I said before, Jim is a stunning looking man. And he was a good spender. It wasn't long before I could see that Martha was trying her darndest to "make" him. We went to a cabaret and I was watching the dancers, entranced. Suddenly, I heard him speaking to me:

"So that's where you spend your evenings, while I am cooling my heels in the drug store?" His voice was angry.

"What do you mean?" I asked him, my cheeks flaming.

"Oh, I am so sorry, Nelly," Martha's voice was purring, "it just slipped out." I knew she had told on purpose.

I explained at great length and before we parted Jim seemed mollified.

"I wish you could get a place where you get a regular evening off, Nelly," he said. "Besides, I don't like that stunt of your sleeping in that man's den. Better quit."

Well, I did. But the places I got later weren't much better. I didn't want to bore Jim with constant tales of woe. I didn't ask for much—just for a fairly decent place to earn my living—until he was ready to make me his wife. And my heart began to misgive me when the time came that Jim was the one who didn't show up at our trysting place every now and then.

Nor was he so interested and enthusiastic, on the rare occasions when we met, in discussing our future together. I began to suspect that I was no longer "the only girl."

One night we had a dreadful scene. I was staying alone in the town house of the family for whom I worked. Jim had promised to run in. I was not supposed to have any visitors, but I was getting desperate and had heard that Jim was going around with Martha, who had given up her work altogether. Jim and I, I decided, must have a show-down to settle things once and for all.

WHILE we were talking in the kitchen, I heard a noise upstairs, and going up to see what it was, I found the master of the house had come home unexpectedly—intoxicated. He seized me in his arms. Jim, who had come up close behind me, came to my aid and separated me from the drunken brute, whom he hung with all his might on a nearby lounge.

I turned to thank him, and put my arms around his neck, but he shoved me away. "Say, Nell, I'm through. You have always too much explaining to do, and I'm getting sick of it. Good-by."

Simple, wasn't it? Before I could say anything, he dashed out of the front door, leaving his hat behind him in the kitchen. I hoped he would come back for it. I was sure I could make him listen to reason. But I never saw him again. My letters were returned unopened.

Again my life had fallen to pieces in my hands.

I decided to leave the city and get work at a summer home. Consequently, I got work as chambermaid in the country home of a noted philanthropic lady. I will call her Mrs. X., though I would really like to give you her real name—you would be surprised. She seemed to be such a charming, democratic lady, who wished everyone around her to be healthy and happy. She herself told me so, in the agency when she engaged me.

I got new uniforms, and washed and starched all my older ones, and engaged a room in the country for Aunt Millie. Since I couldn't be happy, I could at least put some joy into her life. While she had recovered physically, her mind was growing worse. She was like a child.

A limousine met me at the station. The chauffeur was a handsome devil, who looked very dashing in his smart uniform. He was rather inclined to make fun of his employer, but I thought he was just trying to be bright.

But that night the cook—a good-natured German woman—warned me against him. "I look out for Felix," she said. "He got the last chambermaid in trouble and the mistress turned her out without her wages."

Some poor weak kid, I figured to myself, who had fallen in love with the handsome



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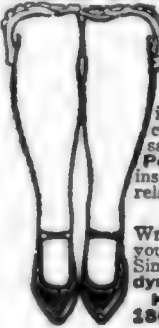
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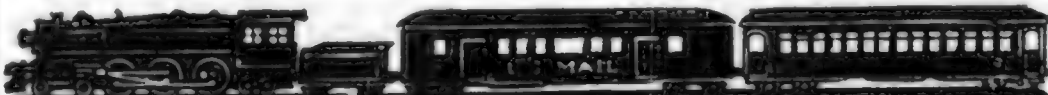
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chauffeur. Otherwise, if there hadn't been two sides to the story, the philanthropic Mrs. X would have fired the man, too. A man like Felix could find plenty of sweet-hearts outside of the X menage.

IT WAS a houseparty which brought about my dismissal from this place.

The boat races were on, and all the bedrooms in the main building were filled. Extra guests were being lodged in the servants' annex. The servants were doubled up three and four in a room. As my sleeping quarters were very small, I was left alone.

All the excitement made me wakeful. I had never seen so many ravishingly dressed ladies and aristocratic looking men in my life.

Towards three o'clock in the morning, I was lying awake, watching the hands of my radio-dial clock creeping slowly round, when I heard my door open. I switched on the light.

"Put that light out, you little fool," the intruder ordered. It was Felix.

"If you don't get out of this room immediately, I'll scream," I threatened. I tried to speak convincingly, but I am afraid my voice shook with fear.

Evidently he didn't believe me, for he continued to advance. I let out a scream. In a moment I couldn't stop. I was hysterical.

Guests rushed out into the corridor. The chauffeur, who was in his pajamas, escaped in the excitement.

Mrs. X reassured her friends when she arrived, telling them that I had been suffering from nightmare, and they left.

Then she turned on me, furiously.

"What do you mean disturbing my guests?" she demanded. I explained.

But I might as well have spoken to the wind. She didn't listen. I had committed the unforgivable sin! What was my honor

in comparison with the peace of these guests? The nerve of me! Giving myself virtues of the elect—protecting myself as if I were one of the chosen! The chauffeur, she declared, certainly would not have molested me if I had not given him encouragement.

WELL, of course, I left next day.

And I could go on and on with my experiences. But what's the use? These are typical—not exceptional stories of my three years in service.

Maybe I am a little fool, it may be there is something wrong with me, I don't know. But certainly there is something wrong with service. We all want work. Do you think we enjoy going tramping from one to the other of the thousand agencies in New York City—one thousand books, you can find in them, filled with brief records of blasted hopes. I, and most of the hundreds of girls I have met, want to do right. We do our best, but the women we work for don't do their best.

If I had gone with that cheap musical comedy company, I would have been better off than I am today. I couldn't be worse off, anyway.

What are we to do? Isn't there any way to improve our side of the situation? Don't you think the madams might take a different attitude if they could read this? It's the only way we can get before them.

Don't you think there's a chance? Or do we have to go on being battered from pillar to post until we land in the gutter, to be picked up, maybe, by the courts or the hospitals.

Is virtue, under these conditions, worth while?

Eventually—even while I work that word sticks in my mind.

Frankly, if it were not for poor old Aunt Millie, I don't believe I would hesitate.

White Flames

[Continued from page 28]

failed, her skin grew more and more translucent, and I swear that had there been a strong light back of her I could have seen right through.

"Finally I couldn't stand the spectacle any longer. It was when I saw her baby mouth begin to quiver that I spoke right out in meeting. What I said was in English because my French was not adequate to an emotional outbreak, but my actions conveyed the idea even if they did not understand all of my words.

"It was only a dozen steps to the model stand. I touched her and she slumped—the shock, I suppose, on the tense nerves. Anyway I held in my arms the coldest, most lifeless little thing I ever hope to touch outside of a morgue.

"I carried her into the dressing room and covered her up with a lot of drapes while I rubbed her hands and feet. By that time the riot in the studio had subsided and some of the other fellows came in to offer belated assistance. One had a flask with a little brandy in it, although not an hour before he had assured me that there wasn't a drop. I forgave him and poured the stuff down Lucille's throat. She wasn't used to such high-powered fire-water and she nearly choked to death on it. But it revived her fighting interest in life, all right, because pretty soon the heavy eyelids fluttered.

"You know something about the general run of feminine lamps in this country, don't you? Well, Lucille had 'em all beaten several village blocks. Black! Just like the vulgar smudge from charcoal. And soft and pleading and grateful. The poor

kid was trying to thank me even before she could speak.

When I arrived at my rooms that night, or whenever it was, perhaps the next night, Lucille was there. The *concierge* had let her in. She had come to thank me, she said, and tell me how sorry she was that I had earned the displeasure of the Master on her account. She had gotten that speech off her chest and was about to leave when she must have noticed how unsteady I was on my pins, because she insisted that I sit right down while she made me a pot of hot coffee.

THAT sitting down part of the program was fatal. It was the last thing I remember. The next morning I found myself undressed and in bed while an unexpected odor of breakfast greeted my nostrils. I arose and found Lucille engaged in the mystic rites of cookery.

"You have been here all night?" I questioned.

"But yes, monsieur. It is necessary that someone take care of monsieur. You have been most kind to me and it is right that I should be kind to you.

"There was something in what she said and I had been around the art crowd long enough so that I wasn't as shocked as I might have been at the idea of a girl's putting me to bed and holding wet towels on my head, as I found she had been doing all night.

"But later when I expected her to go home she did not.

[Continued on page 114]

How to win and hold love



"I love you"—the supreme moment in a girl's life

"I love you!" When a girl hears those three little words whispered in her ear by the "only man in the world," her supreme moment has come. She has won his heart. All her dreams, her hopes, her longings, have ended happily. She stands on the threshold of womanhood with the love of a good man locked in her bosom. Happy, happy girl!

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[Continued from page 112]

"Monsieur needs that someone should take care of him. I am here, I have no one. I shall look after monsieur and see that he shall always be a good boy."

"At first I had a suspicion that her adoption of me was actuated in part by the knowledge that I received a rather large allowance from home. To test her and perhaps to get rid of her I pretended that a financial disaster had wrecked my resources and that I would have to give up my comfortable apartment."

"She accepted the news philosophically and went out. A little later she came back all happy because she had found a sunny room in a neighborhood where we could live, and the rent of it was so little that she could pay it herself with the modest revenue from her posing."

"That was the first time I kissed her and really meant it. Lord, but we were happy after that. The money that I had been wasting on myself I began to spend on her or, rather, as much of it as she would permit. I was never allowed to buy her clothes or anything like that, only a few flowers and little trinkets, the things, she said, 'that a woman can show to the world proudly to prove that she is beloved by someone.'"

"She did stop posing because I wanted her to, but she took up sewing instead—got commissions to make fine lingerie for American and English ladies at the grand hotels. She made her own things, too. A scrap of silk became a creation under her fingers. My chief recollection of her is with a needle in one hand and a bit of solidified mist in the other."

SHE made me work, too. I went back to the school and studied just because she wanted me to and for no other reason. "One thing that I did was pretty good but, then, I was in love with the subject. Lucille named it 'La Femme Adorée,' 'The Beloved Woman.' It was herself, head and shoulders only, no dress showing, but only a huge bunch of violets held up to her lips and over which her eyes looked into yours to thank you for having remembered to bring them home to her. I caught the serious, wistful sweetness of her somehow, and you couldn't look at my portrait of her without feeling a funny clutching at your heart."

"A dealer offered me a thousand francs for it, a fortune to the average student and certainly an extraordinary price for a beginner's work, but I wouldn't take it. I wanted Lucille to have it herself."

"I'm glad now that I gave it to her, because when the bust-up came a little later it was about all that I could give her to remember me by."

"The way I left is so undramatic that it's scarcely worth telling. Of course I had always planned that there would be a finish sometime, but I had pictured a romantic farewell that was a combination of passion and sad renunciation."

"What really happened was a cablegram that my mother was dying and that to reach her in time I must return by a steamer leaving England the next day. To make the Calais boat-train I had to pack to get away inside of two hours. Lucille did most of the packing for me—my mind refused to work in the orderly fashion necessary for a job of that kind and I just walked around the apartment getting under foot. Most of my things I left, of course, because I said I was coming back."

"After I was all ready we came over here for coffee—we neither of us wanted any dinner but we wanted to do something. The last I saw of her was right at this table. I kissed her good-by and she didn't cry any even then, and I left her on this worn black leather wall seat you're sitting

on now while I went out and got into a cab which Pierre had ordered for me."

"That's all there is to the story. I arrived in America, and my mother died in a few days. The executors of the estate found that we had lived up all that my father had left us."

"I was in no condition to return to France or to my old method of living. So I adopted the only course open to me, which was to write Lucille the truth, telling her to sell my things for enough money to live on temporarily and then look for a job. I figured that by disposing of everything, including 'La Femme Adorée', she could realize several thousand francs which would support her in moderate circumstances for quite awhile. I said that as soon as I could I would come to see her but advised her not to wait for me, but to marry the nice young grocery-man on the corner whom I had always teasingly accused her of flirting with."

"I didn't know just what to do with myself. I knew I didn't have any very great money-making power at that time—I was only twenty-one myself—and I wanted action. It was to be had in the Philippines. I enlisted the same as you did."

TOM seemed to consider that the narrative was ended and lost himself in a reverie.

"You heard from Lucille?" I asked him.

"Once or twice, then I got enthusiastic over the soldiering trade and sort of lost touch. When I did write the letter came back."

"Didn't you know her address?"

"Johnny, don't you understand? When I knew her, her address was wherever I was. Like a fool I'd forgotten her last name, too, even if I had ever known it, and so I addressed her simply as 'Mlle. Lucille' at the old apartment where we had lived. Of course she had moved away from there and I couldn't expect the post office to discover any particular Mlle. Lucille in a city where probably every tenth girl answers to that name."

"And that's all?"

"C'est fini."

"Whee—boom," said a shell, a near one.

"Way short, Fritz," declared Tom, "that is, if you're aiming at Notre Dame as I suspect, this being Sunday."

But neither Tom's flippancy nor the gun's very material interruption put a halt to my speculation concerning Lucille. Nor to his, I imagine.

"Are you going to try to find her now?"

"Would it be wise?" he returned. "I've got a boy in Akron, Ohio, who is praying that the war will last until 1923 so he will be old enough to get into it. He has a mother by the name of Mrs. Haywood who loves her husband."

"There are often two or three separate and complete episodes in the story of a man's life," I ruminated.

Tom laughed. "Thanks for helping me justify myself. Just now, more than ever since that shell lit so close, I do want to know what became of her—if she did marry the little man in the *epicerie* or—what? How would you go about trying to find her?"

"The police," I suggested, "are very efficient hereabouts. Every person in each *arrondissement* is thoroughly tabulated and indexed. Every time anyone moves it has to go down in the card catalogue. If she's alive—"

"She is."

"Then the chances are that she is not far from the place where you saw her last. French people stick closely to one

locality," I tried to comfort him a bit. "Johnny, you're a good scout to encourage me in my foolishness. Come on, let's go. For some reason or other I want to know right away. Supposing one of those shells—"

ON THE way to the office of the Prefect of Police, Tom stopped at the tail of a little street that only ran for two blocks before it bumped its head into the stone wall of a cathedral.

"This is where I lived," he said. "That's the *epicerie* I told you about and— Let's walk on down past the house."

He halted doubtfully at the grilled entrance.

"How the giants of our youth do dwindle to pygmies, John. I once thought this building was almost a palace and this door an entrance to paradise. Will you look, they haven't changed a stone flag on the pavement since I was here and that glass there in the entry-way lamp was cracked twenty years ago. I did it myself. That was my window there on the *premier étage* and—"

He stopped speaking and I looked where his finger was pointing to see what had happened.

There was a sign in the window—just a little sign—rather home-made looking but neat.

Mlle. Lucille, Modiste.

His hand was on my arm—it was trembling. "Johnny," he said, "isn't that the damndest coincidence?"

"Maybe it isn't a coincidence," I suggested. I knew that was what he was thinking himself.

He half-dragged me past the sleepy *concierge* and up the dark steps. One of Tom's besetting sins—and virtues—was immediacy. He was rapping on a door, not sharply, but gently, and with an interrupted cadence like a signal.

We waited and he repeated it—the same knock.

The door opened finally and we stood there looking at a woman.

A faded little woman, not really very old, but tired-looking and sad.

A gentlewoman.

The tall, gaunt officer whom I was proud to call my best friend took one step toward her across the threshold.

"Lucille!" he said.

"Monsieur," she began and stopped. "Tu!"

I probably didn't have to tiptoe down the stairs as I did. I doubt if they would have noticed if I had taken the entire flight headfirst with a trayful of crockery and tinware in my arms.

THE next evening Tom invited me to dinner, this time at the *Café des Ambassadeurs*. His orderly had found me easily enough at Red Cross Headquarters. His note asked me to meet them at seven-thirty.

Lucille was dressed in black, as nearly every Frenchwoman was in those days, but her face was glad—and rested. There was a light of chastened content in her eyes as of a traveler who has sighted a looked-for landmark near the end of a journey.

She was absurdly tiny yet. Tom had spoken of her as small, but in all these years it seemed as if she ought to have grown up. Much of what had once been greater beauty had faded but her eyes and her smile were still marvelous when she looked at my friend. Not that she did not include me in the warm circle of her charm, because she made me feel distinctly welcome at once, but her face when she looked at him had no business to be on a human being.

At her waist she wore a tremendous bouquet of violets. He had remembered.

The question to my mind was, "How could he have forgotten her so long?"

I spoke a little French, enough for the exchange of conventional greetings. But after that Tom had to do most of the talking, first in one language and then in the other.

"It was very necessary that you meet Mademoiselle Lucille," he told me, "because I want you to make all the arrangements for the payment of an annuity which I am settling on her. I can't attend to the details myself because my outfit moves in day after tomorrow and I have to join them in the morning. You'll do it, of course?"

"Of course."

"I've arranged it so that she need not work anymore ever. That's precious little after all the years she has waited."

"Does she know you are married?" I blurted out.

She understood what I had said. Perhaps the words were similar enough in both languages or else feminine intuition is a sort of Esperanto.

Anyway she looked up with her rare, understanding smile. "*C'est bien compris, monsieur.*"

"She cried a little when I told her," Tom explained soberly. "But I guess women over here have learned to be braver than ordinary mortals. They have lost so much that—"

"The war has robbed her of relatives?" I asked politely.

"Her son was killed last week," he told me. "I came too late to see what it was she had been saving for me these twenty years. She came back to live in that very apartment as soon as she could earn enough to afford it just so I could find them." Tom's own voice broke then, too.

Lord, I was frankly shedding tears in my soup when I thought what a princess that girl—woman—had been. No one needed to tell me that she had ever cavilled at fate or offered any recriminations when at last he had found her.

All the explanation required was in the way she touched the back of his hand with her fingers, tenderly, caressingly.

The rest of the meal was the gayest dinner party I've ever attended.

DURING the rest of my stay in Paris I saw Lucille many times. In my own way, I suppose, I cared as much for her as Tom did—perhaps even more.

She showed me Tom's painting, "*La Femme Adorée*." It was rather ordinary unless you knew the story—I think the dealer who offered a thousand francs for it must have been an optimist. But with Lucille to point out its merits, a new light shining in her eyes, I became convinced that it was a prize that had been wrested from the Salon only with great difficulty.

Tom was killed in the final big push in the Argonne, one of the few men of his rank to become casualties, but I knew how it happened. He never was one to avoid a risk because he could.

Lucille let me see her the day after she received the news. I went to the little old apartment where she preferred to live.

"Do not be too sorry for me, my friend," she said. I understood her French now. She was the principal reason I had studied the language. "You see, my eyes are dry—the weeping is done. How can I ever complain—I who have once been beloved?"

"Are beloved," I corrected.

"But yes," she accepted. "For of course somewhere they still live and will wait, as once I waited, until I come."

There was no point then, or ever, in telling her that she had not entirely comprehended my meaning.



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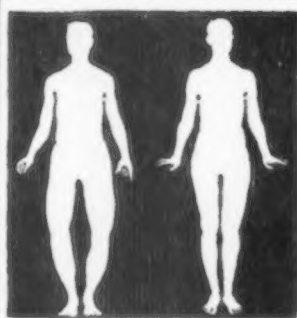


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Lovers' Island

[Continued from page 57]

Dad. His eyes were brown and brave, with the candor of youth. Bareheaded, the salt wind blew his curly brown hair at will, making him seem much more a boy.

He was the man of my dreams—and he was coming as my father's prisoner! He would hate me for my father's mad blundering! He would most likely curse me in his heart for being the cause of his trouble on Palm Island! A great wave of humiliation swept over me and my eyes dropped down. I dared not look up at him again.

"I got him at last, Clemmy," boomed Dad, coming to a stop at the foot of our front steps. "And just like I thought, he's one of them rich dudes from the millionaire islands above. His clothes'll tell you that even if he tried to lie. Look at that silk shirt—and them short blousey britches. Humph!"

"I've sent for the sky-pilot, and there'll be a weddin' in the old town tonight," finished Dad, tapping his shotgun significantly.

I couldn't answer him at once. My throat was full of lumps. I thought I would strangle before a word came. At last I was speaking:

"Dad, you've made a dreadful mistake," I cried out. "I've never seen this young man before in my life. You are wrong—"

"Wrong!" thundered Dad. "I won't stand to hear you defendin' this—this yaller-livered young sneak."

"Take off these ropes and I'll smash your face for those insults," cut in the tall young man, trying to break the ropes himself.

HIS voice thrilled me. It shut Dad up for a second and threw a strange quiet over the crowd. How brave he had sounded in the dusk!

Daring my father to loosen him so that he could hit Dad for his insult!

Dad was the first to recover himself.

"I won't take off the ropes till you're my gal's husband. Then we'll see how brave you are, young fellow," he sneered.

Then turning to me again, Dad went on, "His name's Jack, and he's a likely lookin' man as you can see. There ain't no mistake. He's your lover, Clemmy, and denyin' it won't do any good."

The crowd went away for supper, leaving Dad and the strange young man named Jack and myself on the steps. A silence hung in the air for a little while. The man in gray broke it.

"Your father seems dead certain that I have been meeting you on the island he calls Lovers' Island. I happened to land there this afternoon late on a little exploring trip. I am spending some time as a guest up on Sunup Island which belongs to Henry Richardson. However, so far I have been unsuccessful in making your father believe these things, Miss Dawson," he said.

"I—I'm terribly sorry, sir," I managed to answer, but my voice was unsteady before the look in his brown eyes. However I tried to go on. "My father will change his mind when I talk to him some more. He cannot go on with this."

"Shut up, Clemmy. Go inside and get us some food. When I change my mind the tides'll quit floodin' and ebbin'. Now hurry up with the victuals," he boomed.

IT WAS a strange, trying supper for me to go through with. I fed the man who called himself Jack, my eyes drinking in his handsome face and his fine big frame as he sat with his hands tied. In the lamplight that flared up and down

with the wind, Dad seemed like a great big piece of granite—something without a heart. Somehow I knew he would not listen to what I had to say. I tried with tears in my eyes to make him let Jack go. Dad stayed like a rock.

"Don't think I'm a fool, Clemmy. I know wimmen folks always try to shield their men. But it can't be done this time," he said, and walked out to the front, his shotgun in hand.

Left alone with the young stranger, I felt ill at ease, not knowing just what to say or do. He studied me for a while and then spoke:

"Whatever happens here tonight, I'll know you're not to blame. But tell me, for God's sake, what this is all about?"

I told him the whole truth in broken whispers. He nodded when I finished. A strange expression came upon his young face.

"Your father's much older than I am, but if he knew a little more about such things he would know that such steps as he is taking now are entirely unnecessary."

"I don't quite understand," I said.

"I mean, you have the face and heart of a Madonna," he answered, his words sending the color to my cheeks.

My eyes fluttered down before his gaze. My tongue was silent for the moment. All that I could do was realize that I must save this man from the fate that had befallen him.

Suddenly I straightened up, an idea flashing through my mind. There was a way! I would disappear—if it meant the open sea in a dory. I would try getting to the mainland first. If that plan failed, then the open sea! But at any hazard the stranger must be saved! I turned to him, trembling with excitement.

But my heart was heavy at the thought that the only way of saving him was to lose him forever:

"I am going to disappear, Mister—er—"

"Jack," he smiled, warming me to the depths of my soul.

"Mister Jack—"

"No, just Jack. J-a-c-k," he spelled it out, smiling again.

"All right, Jack," I floundered. "They'll never find me. So Dad can't make you marry me like this." With these words barely spoken above my breath, I leaned down impulsively and touched his hands with my lips. The look he gave me at this was one I knew I would never forget. Tip-toeing to the back door I slipped out into the night, skirting the cottage in the deep fringe of its shadow.

A STEP more and I would have started across the beach clearing for the South End where I was sure to find a boat. I sprang forward, ready to dash through the starlighted night—but I did not get far. A great bulky form blocked my way, and a second later Dad was shaking me furiously in his steel grip.

"Running away, eh?" he panted. "I'll teach you to try and help a good-for-nothing rich dude. Come along into this house."

It was futile to struggle against his strength. But I kicked and squirmed, trying desperately to break his hold. Up the steps and into the living room he pulled me, his fingers hurting my arms as he squeezed.

"I'll teach you a lesson, gal," he thundered, drawing back as if to strike me. Just as I shrank back cowering into a corner, I saw something in the dining room that made my heart almost stop beating. Jack, the young stranger, was

bending over his rope-bound arms, a long knife between his teeth. He was trying to cut his bonds away!

Dad did strike me. His open hand came down with a stinging slap across my face, and I screamed in terror and pain. At the same second the stranger hurled himself at Dad just in time to save me from another blow. I crowded to the wall as the two men swung at each other, then closed in.

DAD fought and roared like a madman. There was murder in his eyes. Jack was brave enough, and he went right into Dad, trying to get hold of his arms and hold him. However, he was not strong enough for that. Suddenly Dad made a move that froze the blood in my veins. He jumped backwards, and snatched up his shotgun. I saw Jack charge at him—then I closed my eyes.

A scream tore from my lips at the sound of a shot. I forced my eyes open, and a feeling of nausea swept over me at what I beheld. The young stranger was staggering back from Dad, his left shoulder showing a crimson stain. His fine young lips were twisted in pain.

"Dad, you've shot him," I cried, rushing forward.

"The gun went off when he tried to grab it," snarled Dad, still standing in his tracks with the gun half-raised.

I put myself between Dad and the wounded man and half-led him to the couch in the dining room. It took all of my nerve to pull back the shot-shattered sleeve and take care of the red wound. But I did it, with Dad glowering over me.

"You were a fool to trifle with me like you did, stranger. We don't make unmeanin' speeches on this island. I told you me and this gun meant business when I caught you on Lovers'. Maybe you'll believe me quicker now, and when the preacher comes there won't be no further argument," he said, as the man tried to get to his feet. It was easy to see by his white, drawn face, that the wound had sapped his strength.

I was on the edge of hysteria when I rushed out of the room. My Dad had shot an innocent man. He could be arrested and jailed for this. However, I was not thinking of Dad when I scribbled a note and put it in an envelope addressed to Henry Richardson, Sunup Island. I was thinking of the boy who had been shot trying to save me from Dad's cruelty. The note would bring his friends to him. I told myself, determined to make the preacher mail it for me without Dad knowing.

WHEN I returned to the dining room, Jack was sitting in a chair. He smiled wanly up at me. And his smile hurt me more than if he had cursed me. I went over to him, my eyes telling him what I could not trust in words. Dad watched us all the time from the parlor doorway.

"I—I wish he had shot me instead," I said brokenly.

"S-shh. It's not so bad. I got worse than that in France. The shock's weakened me—"

"Here comes the preacher," boomed Dad, as the sound of feet and voices reached us from the front.

"I'll appeal to the preacher with the truth," I cried, desperate now.

"It'll only make matters worse. We better go through with it. Your Dad's not himself now. There's no telling what he may do if you cross him," he answered.

There wasn't a chance to argue with him, for at that moment the threshold became shadowy with men. Dad came out of the crowd, leading a weakened-looking little man with a black book towards us.

Palm Island witnessed a strange wedding that night in the flickering yellow lamplight of our parlor. Dad, his shotgun in hand, stood a few feet away and watched the stranger and I as we repeated the words after the shaky-voiced preacher. Back in the shadows of the room stood the people I had known all of my life, gripped by the drama of an island girl marrying a rich man from Sunup Island at the point of a gun.

When it was over I managed to slip the letter in the preacher's hand. He took it, like a man who is afraid he has accepted his own death warrant.

Then Dad, Jack Avery, and I were alone in the cottage. Dad suddenly turned on Mr. Avery to say something—but before a word passed Dad's lips the man from Sunup swayed forward and fell unconscious to the pine board floor. The strain had told on him at last!

ALL that night I watched by him, as he lay as comfortable as I could make him in my bed. Several times he murmured incoherent things and tried to turn, only to stop suddenly in pain and lie deathly still again. When the gray dawn came, he opened his eyes feebly and stretched his hand out to touch mine. Tears burned in my eyes. I couldn't understand why he didn't strike me instead of caressing my hand.

At breakfast I told Dad he must send for a doctor. Dad gave me a look as if to say I was crazy.

"And have this get out and land me in a calaboose ma be? Humph, he'll come along all right. You just look after him, Clemmy," he answered.

The morning passed with Jack Avery resting quietly enough, but I figured he was often being tortured by his arm. The more I looked at him, lying drawn-faced against his white pillow, the more I knew that Fate had sent him into my life to remain there as long as breath and memory endured. That's why his infrequent moans went through me like daggers.

The next morning I was half-nodding in my chair when I felt Mr. Avery's hand on my arm. I opened my eyes with a frightened start.

"Clemmy," he was saying, "you must go to bed and get some sleep. This is the second night you've sat up with me. I want you to rest, understand?"

His words seemed unbelievable. How did he know I had not slept for two nights? He, himself, had seemed in a dazed sleep most of the time.

"I've been watching through half-closed eyes, Clemmy. That's why I know you've been up here with me," he said.

"Watching me?" I repeated.

"Yes, and it's done me loads of good. Just the sight of you here beside me. I'm feeling much stronger and better this morning."

"You can say things like—like that after—after my father's done all these terrible things to you?" I asked, sure that I had not heard aright.

"Of course, Clemmy," was all he said in words. But suddenly his eyes filled with a wistfulness that brought strange happiness to my heart. Somehow when I went out on the porch for a breath of air later, it seemed that the promise of a far spring day was finding fulfilment in the new summer morning that had come out of the blue sea.

Later when sleep came to me, it brought dreams that I kept remembering long after I waked—dreams that I wanted to come true with all of my heart and soul.

"But, they can't," I kept telling myself over and over again. "He is only trying to be kind to me. He knows that I am suffering for all Dad did to him. He—"



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"Wouldn't you like to earn that much, too?"

"I know you would, Bob—think what it would mean to us! It worries me to see you wasting the best years of your life when you could make them count for so much.

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belongs to another world beyond my island. Jack can't ever care.

FOUR days brought Jack Avery's strength back to him. His shoulder was stiff, but healing nicely. He was determined to be up and around.

Once as I left the room where he was sitting in a chair, I heard a knock at the door. Strange voices reached me. I hurried to the front and found two well-dressed men, and two who wore the stars of deputy sheriffs. Mr. Richardson lost little time in telling me their business.

"We know that Jack Avery is here. We want to see him at once and find out what has happened to him. If there has been any kind of foul play there will be a reckoning," he said.

I bowed, silently motioning them to come in. The two officers remained in the parlor while Mr. Richardson and his friend followed me. Jack Avery showed surprise and shock hard to describe upon seeing his friends.

"How in thunder did you find me, Henry?" he demanded at last.

"A mysterious note came this morning saying you were on Palm and in trouble. We got two sheriffs and came down in the yacht. My God, man, your shoulder's all bound up. Jack, have you been hurt?"

"Just a little, old chap. Shotgun wound. Healing nicely, thanks to Miss Dawson here," his eyes still on me since mention of the note.

"Shotgun wound!" broke in Mr. Richardson and the other man in unison. "Did some of the ruffians shoot you?"

A heavy silence followed these words. I waited, my heart thumping madly, for Jack Avery to tell the truth that would bring just punishment to my father. But his lips when they opened did not tell the truth. They lied:

"No, Henry, nothing like that. I was foolish enough to fool with a shotgun, and the confounded thing discharged accidentally. That's all."

I had to force my gaze away from Jack Avery and the men. Somehow I knew I could not mask the feelings within me at the knowledge that Jack had deliberately shielded my Dad.

WHEN I heard them making arrangements to leave and take Jack away my heart was as heavy as lead, and suddenly all of the promises of a spring day died before my eyes in the dimming sunshine of May.

"We'll have to try and get a nurse, or someone, to take care of that shoulder, Jack. All of the crowd, including Doctor Applewaite, has gone back to New York. Nothing left but a few of the men servants."

"Clemmy here will go along and take care of me—perhaps. Will you—Clemmy?" asked Jack turning to me.

With tears blinding my eyes I said that I would go. It no longer mattered what my Dad would say when he came back and found me gone. I could not stand parting from the man who had been forced to marry me. It was Fate dealing me the strangest of all hands, and I accepted the cards.

I went away, leaving a note to Dad,

telling him of Jack's lie—and saying that I did not know what the future would bring.

"You are well now, and ready to go back with your friends to New York," I said, two weeks later as Jack Avery and I sat on a beach log on Sunup Island, our glances drifting seaward. "I must be going home today."

He did not answer immediately. I wished he would take my hand. I wanted his arms around me, his lips against mine in one sweet first and last kiss. Still, he remained silent and unmoving on the log. "You must be going home," he repeated, finally.

"Yes, you are well now. And—and about our marriage. You can have it annulled when you get back to New York, can't you?" I asked, my heart breaking.

"Why—er—yes, I suppose that will be the best way. Of course none of my friends know about it here. Naturally, I would not tell them. They only think you are a girl whose father befriended me."

"Jack—" I cried, the tears hot upon my cheek.

"What, Clemmy?" he asked softly.

"You've been too kind—too wonderful. I cannot thank you enough. I do not know how," I mumbled, confession having suddenly died on my lips.

"Oh!" he said, pausing a few seconds, "I—I'm glad you think that way, Clemmy. It's—it's sort of sweet to know your—your wife thinks such nice things about you."

Again there was silence between us. I did not dare speak. So I got up, feeling dizzy and faint, crushed and lonely.

We walked away from the sea and its swishing song in deeper silence than ever. Soon we reached the steps of the great white mansion. Here we paused, and Jack Avery, his eyes on the trees and flowers before us, said he would take me home in his speed boat.

Lovers' Island lay ahead on our port bow that was half-veiled in foam and spray. A sudden twist of the tiller sent us charging through the water directly for the white, gleaming beach. I drew in my breath, and shot a glance at Jack. He was looking ahead to the beach.

"I am taking you to Lovers' Island, Clemmy," was all he said, his eyes searching mine.

HE GROUNDED the bow expertly; helped me ashore, and shoved his speedster out into deep water, holding her bow line in his hands. Making this line fast to a huge rock, he came back to where I stood. My pulses were drumming against my wrists like the surf against the beach around the point.

We were facing the open sea when Jack Avery caught my hands in his. I couldn't help the little movement towards him that I made. It was the urge of all my body and soul that swayed me then.

"Clemmy—Clemmy," he cried, his arms going around me, drawing me deep into the sweet protection of his arms. "I love you, sweetheart. I've cared from the first."

"Jack," I answered. It seemed to me then that there were no other words worth saying!

Jim Hurd's Wife

[Continued from page 77]

I'd never do any more mining. It's a dog's life, sitting up there on the roof of the world, waiting through the six months' nights.

But I knew what happens to the old miners when they get outside. You get starved for civilization. You get into a

city where there are white lights, well-dressed crowds, soft beds and clean sheets, hot water in the bathtubs, and you just go wild. You have a civilization spree. You can't get enough of it.

Well, I wasn't afraid of anything like that. Not for me. I had something to

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